HOW THE AAA WILL BE REVIVED by Dr. STANLEY HIGH

FEB. 13, 1937

Liberty

5¢

ARE AMERICAN WOMEN HOLDING AVIATION BACK? By AMELIA EARHART

Other Articles and Stories by ERIC HATCH, DAVID SARNOFF, WALTON GREEN, RUPERT HUGHES, and PETER PAUL O'MARA

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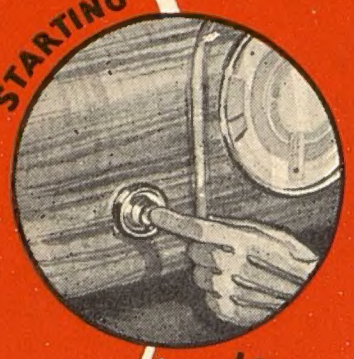

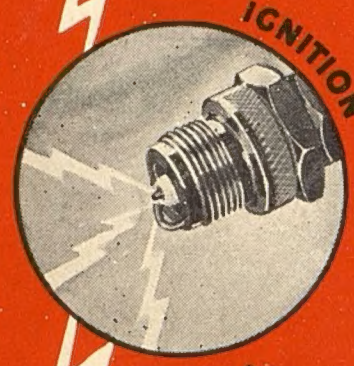

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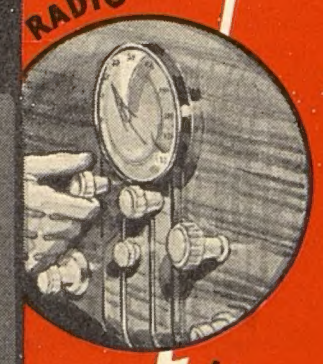

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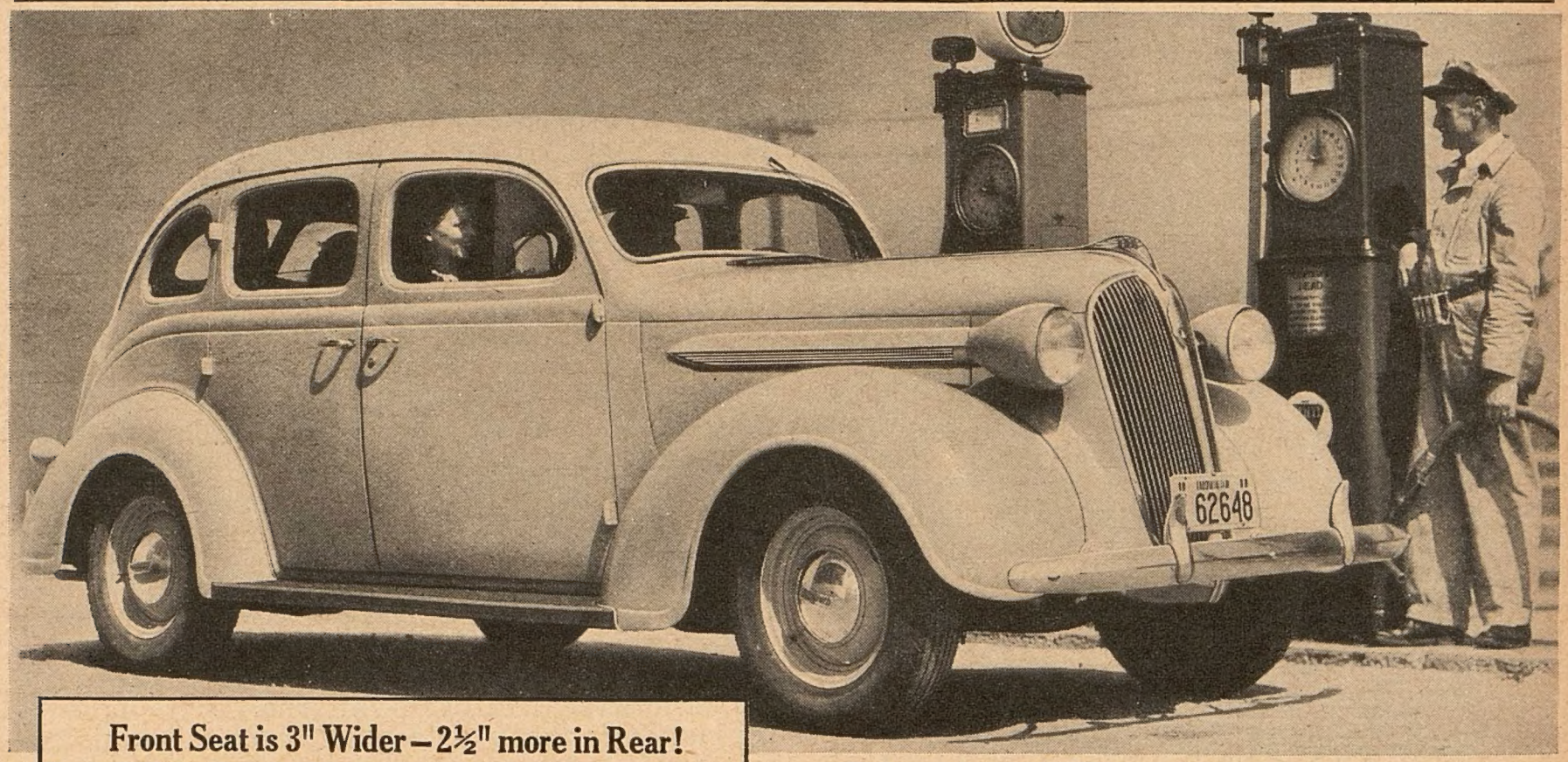

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FEBRUARY 13, 1937

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VOL. 14, NO. 7

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Permanent Peace—Can It Be Achieved?

THE dream of humanitarians of all times has been to abolish the horrors of war. It is human selfishness and greed combined with ignorance that bring about these devastating tragedies.

President Roosevelt is to be congratulated for his recent constructive efforts to guarantee peace at least throughout the American continents.

BERNARR MACFADDEN

To insure permanent peace is probably impossible. The millennium is not here. In fact at this very moment we are threatened with a world war that may break out in Asia or Europe. The European intrigue and secret diplomacy which brought on the last world war have now reached a new high.

The Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace, instigated by President Roosevelt and held in Buenos Aires, called to promulgate a program of neutrality between American nations, has produced gratifying results. Twenty-one nations have agreed to a neutrality pact which is a working basis for the encouragement of peace on these continents. While there has been no agreement for concerted action among these nations in case war should break out between one of them and Europe or Asia, it is still the most forward and practical step to preserve peace that has been offered.

The signatories agree to consultation on all matters affecting peace on these continents. Where a threat of war is recognizable they are to consult; and while consultation is in progress, and for a period of not more than six months, the nations agree not to have recourse to hostilities or any military action. Should pacific means fail, the other signatories agree to be neutral. Where not in conflict with existing treaties, the nations agree to maintain neutrality in case of an international war outside of the Americas.

This is indeed a sensible and civilized procedure for neighbors to follow.

President Wilson's dream of peace failed because he did not take into consideration human nature and the greed of European nations. Here in the South American conference was a great opportunity that President Roosevelt grasped with unusual skill. Here he could take the leadership in demanding the abolishment of war in the settlement of national differences.

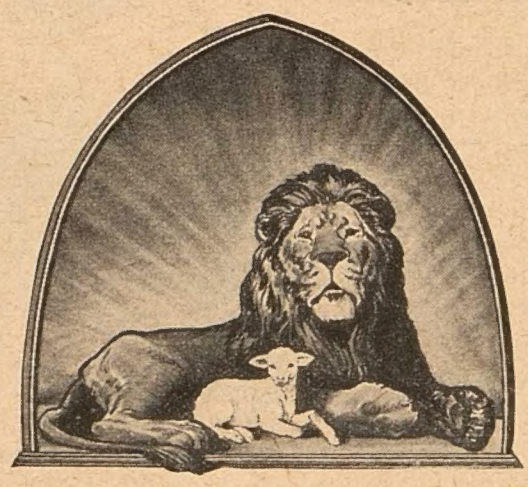
With war clouds looming over Europe, the agreement between the nations on this side of the world should at least be given some consideration by European rulers. And President Roosevelt is confident that his recent efforts will be an example that European nations could follow with great advantage.

The titanic forces of war are destructive to everything worth while in human nature. We say that "everything is fair in love and war." That much quoted statement indicates that every worth-while characteristic is useless in such a situation. Every principle which exalts honor, morality, friendship, that is supposed to guide an upright citizen, can then be cast aside.

When General Sherman said, "War is hell," he failed properly to designate the savagery and brutalities and horrors of such a bloody catastrophe.

Kill or be killed, is the slogan that forces every soldier into the thick of this inferno. Every humane inclination is thrust aside. Savagery rampant, the lust for blood drives men—and women too—into this wholesale carnage.

And even treaties are valueless at times. They are frequently thrown aside as scraps of paper. Foreign Minister Anthony Eden recently warned the world that England would meet force with force if this tendency to ignore treaties were not discontinued.



But with an Executive like President Roosevelt taking an active interest in promoting the cause of peace worth-while results can be expected, especially in the crisis that appears to be impending at this time.

Bernarr Macfadden

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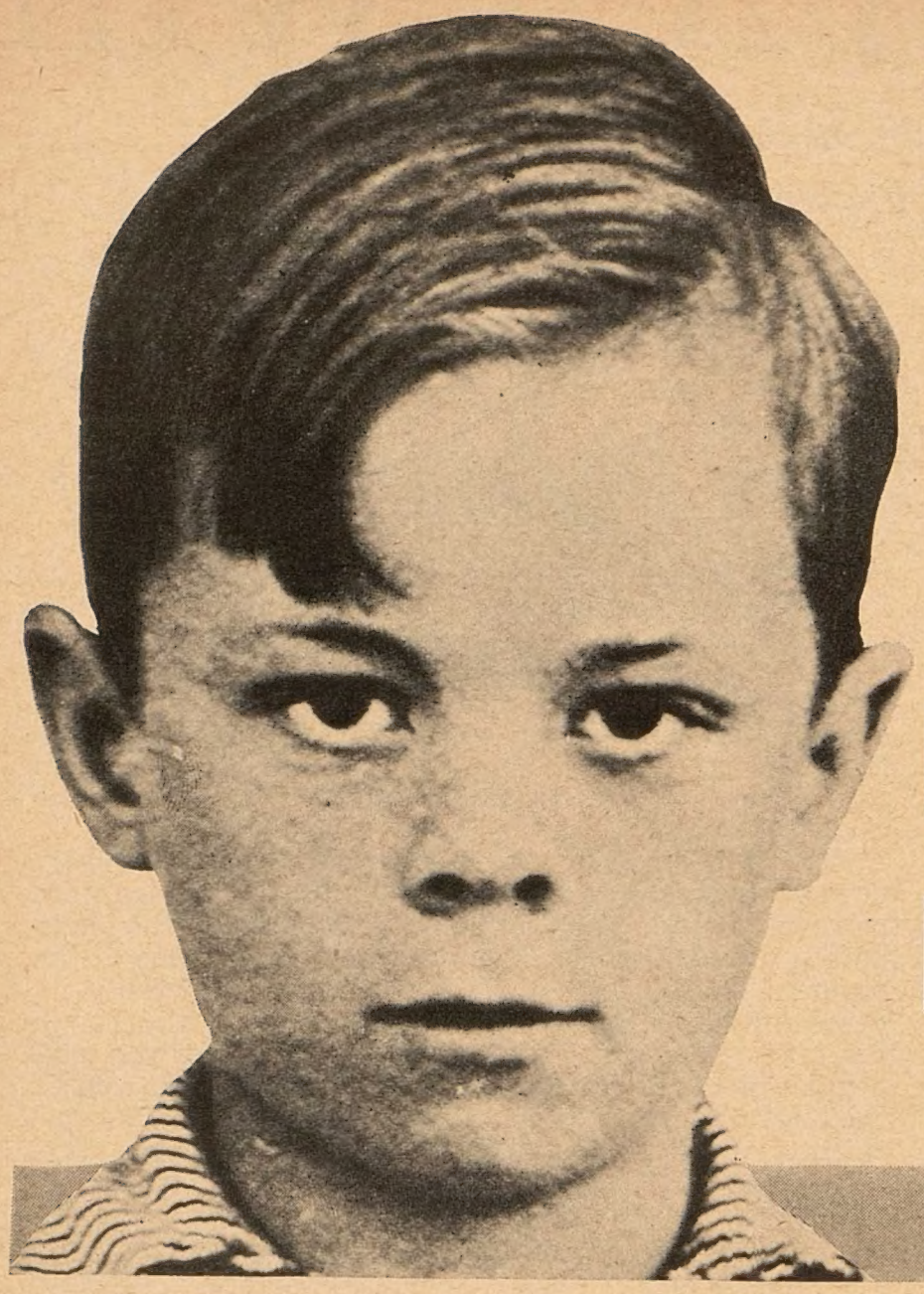


$1,000 REWARD

FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST AND CONVICTION OF THE MATTSON BOY'S

KIDNAP-KILLER

IN the interests of justice, this publication hopes that by the time this issue reaches your hands the person or persons who kidnaped and murdered little Charles Mattson near Everett, Washington, last month may be in the hands of the law. However, if no arrest has been made before this publication, Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash to the person giving information which leads to an arrest and conviction. If you have a clue, communicate at once with the nearest policeman. If your tip leads to a capture, Liberty will pay you the $1,000 gladly. This offer is over and above all other official and unofficial rewards.

Bernarr Macfadden, publisher of Liberty, posts this reward in an earnest desire to bring about a solution of the case, just as his offer of a similar amount in the issue of September 15, 1934, brought about the capture of Richard T. Galatas, reputed "brains" of the Dillinger gang, in New Orleans a few days later.

Mr. Macfadden and all the members of Liberty's staff will be proud if this publication can again serve the ends of justice by inspiring the capture of little Charles Mattson's slayer. Be alert! The clue that breaks this case may be found in your own neighborhood!

How the A A A Will

An Authoritative Forecast of Washington's New Plan of Attack on That Gigantic and Still Critical Problem—the Case of the Farmer

AT one time or another almost every member of President Roosevelt's cabinet has been listed by Washington's professional guessers as "on the way out." But in all the prophetic political writing since the election no one has ever suggested that Henry A. Wallace, the Secretary of Agriculture, is on the way out. This is not because Henry Wallace has a powerful political machine to back him. He hasn't. It is not because he plays Washington society politics. He doesn't. Mr. Wallace is settled firmly because he knows the problem he is expected to solve and he is solving it.

History may have various things to say about the New Deal and the New Dealers. But the New Deal record for agriculture is in the black. Credit for that will go to Henry Wallace—and to Mr. Roosevelt, who recognizes a good man when he sees one and gives him a free hand.

Mr. Wallace, however, would be the last man in Washington to argue that the farm problem has been solved. In fact, he argues very little anyway. But he is probably the best listener in the Roosevelt administration. I saw him on the eve of the convening of Congress. He had just returned from listening his way for several thousand miles in a farm-to-farm visit to several cotton states. During the last four years he has made repeated journeys of that kind. And when he has not been out with the farmers he has had them in Washington with him.

Mr. Wallace is an easy man to meet. He is not particularly easy to get acquainted with. He is not merely shy. He is downright bashful. I rather think that this is one reason he gets on so well with the farmers—who are as shrewd judges of men as of horseflesh. The Secretary puts on no airs. He has none to put on. And yet he not only knows what agriculture is all about; he knows also what democratic government is all about.

When, therefore, he says that the farm problem is not solved but can be, he knows what he is talking about. He has no rabbits in his hat. But he does have four years ahead of him and the confidence of the farmers and the President back of him. Those four years and that backing will be enough, he believes, to do the job.

The depression hit the farmers of the United States in 1921, eight years before it hit everybody else. When the World War came on in 1914, and particularly when the United States was drawn into it in 1917, the cry from the fighting nations was for food; Europe's farmers were in the trenches. To meet the need the farmers of this country plowed up, planted, and cultivated some forty million new acres of farmland. The result was the greatest turnout of foodstuffs in the history of the world.

And the farmers who produced food profited by war prices exactly as manufacturers did. The effect on values was the same too. Prices for farmlands soared to unheard-of figures, just as industrial stocks went to new highs. The farmers speculated by buying land at these top prices, just as many other people bought stocks. Few took thought for the day of reckoning.

But that day came to the farms when the war came to an end. Then the farmers of Europe, those who survived, went back to their farms again. The nations began to do their own producing and our markets began to disappear. Furthermore, most of these nations now adopted policies aimed to make them agriculturally self-sufficient.

Thus the American farmer suddenly found himself with forty million more acres, and with fewer markets abroad, than he ever had before. The result was the collapse of 1921, in which agricultural prices and farm values crashed, leaving the farmer with surpluses he could not sell and with mortgages he could not meet.

The farm depression had its ups and downs—mostly downs—from that time on to 1932. By 1932 there were more people living on the farms of the country than ever before in our history. But the total cash income of the farmers was lower than ever before in the twenty-six years for which we have the records. In 1932, although the farm population represented 25 per cent of the total population of the country, it received only 7.5 per cent of the total national income. By the beginning of 1933 the farm crisis had reached the stage of milk strikes, boycotts of sheriffs' sales, antiforeclosure movements.

That was the situation which Mr. Roosevelt had promised to remedy. It was for the remedying of that situation that Henry Wallace was made Secretary of Agriculture. How well it has been remedied is indicated by the fact that the cash incomes of the farmers of the nation, which had fallen to $5,300,000,000 in 1932, had risen to $8,100,000,000 in 1936.

The Roosevelt-Wallace program for the farmer for the next four years—the permanent program—will carry on along the general lines already laid down. Henry Wallace's first job, obviously, was to take out of cultivation the forty million acres planted to meet war demands. The AAA—among other things—did that.

The policy back of the AAA has been called a policy of "scarcity." It is not that—unless you call it a scarcity policy that is back of the operation of every industry. A shoe manufacturer, when the demand declines, decreases production; in other words, "plows under" the shoes which his idle machines might have been turning out but for which there would have been no sale. The farmer, under the Triple A, did exactly that. Since the war markets were gone and the home markets cut down, he reduced production. As a result the disastrous surpluses began to disappear, prices began to rise, and now tens of thousands of farm families have begun again to get a living income for their year's work.

The decision of the Supreme Court which declared the AAA in part unconstitutional did not alter the administration's aim to establish a policy that will prevent such wide fluctuations in prices for farm products, guarantee a fairer share of the national income to our farm population, and, in short, give the farmer and his family the fullest possible degree of security.

All this will require new legislation at the present session of Congress. Mr. Wallace, shortly after the election, called to Washington a group of farm leaders representative of the leading farm organizations. A legislative program was discussed but its details were not finally agreed upon. It is certain, however, that when the new

Be Revived

by DR. STANLEY HIGH

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Farm to farm, Secretary of Agriculture Wallace "listens his way." He has recently done thousands of miles of it.

farm bills turn up at the Capitol they will have back of them the support not only of the administration but also those farm organizations. That is a pretty sure-fire guaranty of their passage.

The administration's farm plan calls, first of all, for the continuance and perfecting of the present soil-conservation program. Having so much land, Americans have been careless of its use. Millions of acres of topsoil have been lost. To stop that wastage, last year's soil-conservation law enlisted farmers to shift their crops from those which depleted the soil to those which built it up. Since the latter were generally not the best income producers, the government paid bonuses to cover the losses incurred. Some four million farmers joined in this program. The next four years will see its further extension; with a widespread educational program.

Another farm measure sure to come before Congress with administration backing is that of "crop insurance." For several months a committee, appointed by Mr. Roosevelt and headed by Mr. Wallace, has been studying this question with a view to legislative action. The findings have not yet been made public. But, with Mr. Roosevelt so clearly on record, it is quite possible that the Crop Insurance Law which will be finally worked out will stand as the most significant contribution of the Roosevelt administration to the solution of the farm problem.

The plan calls for the building up from contributions by the farmers of a reserve out of which agriculture, in time of disaster, can finance its own relief. Since crop conditions vary so greatly in different sections, a program of crop insurance will have to be national in scope and carried on by the government. But, more than any other development, such a program will serve to unite agriculture in a stabilized economy. Some of the too-large element of luck will be taken out of farming, and intelligent and foresighted self-help substituted.

DOUBTLESS the third major move of the second Roosevelt administration will be in the matter of farm tenancy. Secretary Wallace is authority for the statement that, thanks largely to farm tenancy, thousands of American farm families live on a lower economic and social level than the peasant families of most of the nations of Europe. Something more than two out of every five farms in the United States are run by tenant farmers. The year 1935 was the first since 1880 which showed a decrease in farm tenancy. This decrease was largely in the South. Elsewhere it increased.

Tenant farmers are usually on short-term leases. They have to plant crops that pay well, and such crops are usually soil-depleting. Again, they have small incentive to make improvements. Communities where this shifting tenant population is large are generally unstable. The share cropper is only the most dramatic illustration.

The measure most likely to be passed will probably be aimed to assist the tenant farmer, through government-financed loans, to purchase his farm on easy payments. It is Mr. Wallace's idea that no loans should be made until after the farmer has served a three- or preferably a five-year probationary period. Pressure will undoubtedly be put on the legislatures in various states to improve conditions locally by encouraging longer leases and providing bonuses for farm improvements.

The sum total of these administration policies constitutes the new AAA. They differ from the old AAA in that there will be no direct payment for crop curtailment. In fact, it is the aim of the administration—under its new AAA—to work steadily toward an elimination of all cash bonuses to farmers on the ground that agriculture must be a self-sufficient, self-supporting industry like any other and that it can be made that.

But the new AAA will have the same objective as the first AAA: to eliminate the inequalities which have hindered farm progress and to put farming and the farmer on a basis where he will be assured a fairer and more certain income from his production. Now, as four years ago, the administration is out to make farming pay.

The administration's farm program will be worked out with the belief that the farm problem is, perhaps, the most truly national of all our economic problems. It is the first item in Mr. Roosevelt's economic creed that prosperity is now something all of us must have, or else sooner or later none of us will have it. He has frequently pointed out how the garment-factory worker in New York's Hester Street cannot be sure of his job unless the farmer in Iowa is sure of a decent price for his crops.

This agricultural program has been worked out in no academic atmosphere. It has been hammered out by the farmers themselves. In the process they have learned a good many things. They have discovered how much power they muster when they stand together.

Most of them, by tradition, are Republicans. But they voted for Mr. Roosevelt. Their votes were not necessarily a sign that they had permanently deserted the G. O. P. They were, rather, a tribute to the agricultural record of the present administration. The farmer knows he is better off than he was four years ago. He believes he will be even better off four years from now. Meanwhile he has established his political independence. Henceforth, the two major parties will probably give more serious attention than ever before to his problems.

THE END

Salvage

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

A new voice interrupted. Both women jerked around.

VALERIE MASON stood at the big window watching the storm coming down the lake, roughening the heavy gray surface of the water. She leaned her forehead disconsolately against the glass and twisted the delicately carved antique emerald around and around her finger.

"We're going to have a blizzard," she said.

She could feel her Aunt Sara's cold stare on her back, but there was no answer for a moment.

"Valerie," the voice came at last, familiarly iced, "stop fiddling with that ring. And how often must I ask you to take it off? I consider it in very poor taste to persist—"

Valerie did not turn. "I won't take it off!" she interrupted wearily.

She continued to watch the gigantic cavalry of the storm as it galloped down the long avenue between the hills.

"Aunt Sara," she said suddenly, "there's a boat coming up the lake!"

Her aunt did not answer, and for a moment Valerie hesitated. Then, walking to the closet near the door, she took out a hooded all-enveloping fur cape and threw it over her shoulders.

"Where are you going?" Aunt Sara demanded immediately.

"Down to the landing. That boat must be coming here. There isn't any place else open at this end of the lake now."

"Valerie, take off that cloak. I forbid you to leave this house."

Valerie shook her head.

"No! I'm not a prisoner. I'm sick of this whole thing. Tomorrow I am going home, and damn the papers. Now I'm going out."

Then she was out the front door, running down the steep path through the beginning snow.

When she got to the landing she tripped and almost fell over the floating dock which had been pulled high up on to the land, out of the way of the forming ice. She went past it, out upon the rocks, peering vainly for the boat. She could hear it, a wheezy, lonely put-put. And then, abruptly, she saw it, a rickety little fishing boat, coming toward her much too fast.

Valerie shouted a warning as loudly as she could. Apparently the boatman saw her as soon as she saw him, because he twisted the little craft suddenly hard over and tried to shove his motor into reverse. The old engine would not stand up under such treatment. It stalled. The boat continued almost parallel with the shore, heading for the point on which Valerie stood.

"Jump!" she screamed.

Almost instantly the boat struck. There was a long ripping crash as a point of rock opened a gash the whole length of her battered side.

The man climbed out of the cockpit as the boat drew to a shuddering stop and began to sink. He stood on the bow for a minute and then made a futile leap toward the shore. A loose rock flung him forward on his face, and he lay half in and half out of the water, lifting a suddenly white face toward Valerie.

She clambered down over the loose rocks, which were already being softened and rounded by the snow. Her narrow heels were treacherous on the underlying bits of ice and she slipped several times, once skinning her ankle painfully. He lay still, watching her, his legs sprawled awkwardly in the freezing water.

When she got to him she grasped his elbow and tugged at it.

"Stand up!" she commanded sharply.

"I can't," he said in a queer voice. "Besides, it's nice lying down. More restful."

Valerie thought that he must have injured his head when he was flung against the rocks. The bright glazed eyes that were staring at her suddenly cleared.

"Sorry!" the voice said, tired now. "I'll try. Let's go!"

She pulled at his elbow. Suddenly he heaved upward, almost taking her off her feet. He struggled for a moment and then fell back on the ground, out of the water. His thin young face was covered with tiny beads of perspiration.

"That's done it," he grinned, the glaze rapidly returning to his eyes. "Always willing to oblige a lady. And—"

John was standing in the doorway, a blanket draped over his pajamas in lieu of a bathrobe.

by PETER PAUL O'MARA

A Vivid Tale of Storm-Tossed Adventure, and a Ghost of Love that Strangely Came to Life

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK GODWIN

His voice jerked into silence like a marionette walking off a stage. His head fell back against the rocks.

Valerie turned to shout up at the house for assistance, but the old butler and his wife, the cook, were already hurrying down to her. Aunt Sara, wrapped as carefully as a traveling museum piece, was following them.

Valerie took off her cape and threw it over the unconscious man, and then knelt down to lift his head from the rocks. It was a good head, well shaped and handsome. Under the scarlet knitted cap there was curly, metallic blond hair.

Brown reached her, his unsteady old legs stumbling among the loose stones. Hurt irritation at such unusual goings-on blinked out of his myopic eyes. Aunt Sara and the cook were at his heels.

"What does he want?" Aunt Sara demanded. "Who is he?"

"He just dropped in for a cup of tea," Valerie said coldly. "One of the Boston Cabots, I imagine! Hettie, you help me with his shoulders. Brown, you take his legs."

"What are you going to do with him?" Aunt Sara's brittle voice was as nearly plaintive as it could ever get.

"Throw him back in the water of course!" Valerie snapped. "You help Brown with his legs, please! And be careful!"

The snow was now thick in their faces, blinding them, and the young man was big and heavy despite his leanness, but they managed to get him to the house without dropping him. Valerie would not let them pause in the living room, but urged them up the stairs to her bedroom. Brown wailed protest as they deposited their burden on the white satin quilt.

"Be quiet!" Valerie commanded, straightening up. "Get him undressed

and into bed, Brown. Hettie will help you. Come along, Aunt Sara!"

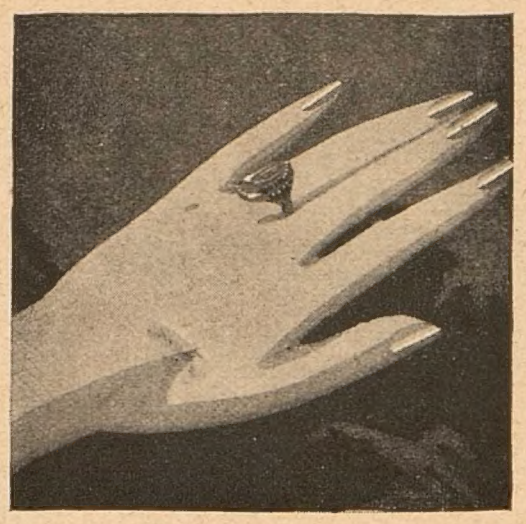
Not until they were in front of the fire did the older woman speak, and then her voice was furious.

"The papers will love this! Two months we've spent here, letting them forget the kind of fool you are, and now it's all wasted! The Masons are back in the headlines!"

Valerie turned away wearily. "If we had let him lie in the water, maybe a nice wave would have come along and deposited him on somebody else's front lawn. Yes, I see what you mean."

"You see only your own stupid, headstrong—"

Valerie interrupted her quietly: "Aunt Sara, I'm sick of this whole business. All my life the newspapers have been used as bogeymen to frighten me. Well, they've done their worst, and I'm not afraid any more. Poor Gregory—" She stopped, thinking of him and unconsciously twisting his ring on her finger, her eyes examining its delicate ancient tracery, and her mind thinking how glad she would be to take it off and never see it again. Looking at it had become to her like gazing into a magic crystal that only called up one vision—the memory of Gregory's big body twisted under the ruined car, and his face that age had at last conquered with the sword of pain, and his gallant eyes comforting her as he died before help could reach them.



THE door of Valerie's bedroom opened and Hettie came out on the balcony. She was moaning, short panic-stricken little moans that sounded like smothered screams.

"Miss Valerie!" she cried. "He's dead! He's all cut up and bleeding! He's dead! I know he's dead!"

Valerie ran upstairs and pushed past her. Brown was bending over the injured man, but he moved away when Valerie came in, and she saw what Hettie had meant.

There was a ragged wound running from the man's thigh almost to his waist. Blood was welling suddenly from it, creeping over the white skin to stain the towels Brown had pushed beneath him.

Sick, Valerie faltered. Then she shook herself and turned back to the door.

"Aunt Sara!" she called. "Telephone the doctor. Tell him to hurry!" She turned to the old servant. "Hettie, get some hot water, bandages, and towels!" she snapped. "And hurry! Oh, yes—iodine, too!"

Firmly ignoring the crawling nausea that the sight of blood always gave her, she went back to the bed and bent over the patient. He was still unconscious. Now that she had a chance to examine it more carefully, Valerie thought that for so nasty a wound, it was bleeding very little.

"His underwear was stuck into it, miss," Brown volunteered. "It didn't bleed much until we pulled it off."

"It must have happened when he fell on the rocks," Valerie hazarded. "Tell Hettie to hurry, Brown!"

Hettie came in just then, trembling and blue-lipped, and Valerie set about washing out the wound, using a fresh roll of absorbent cotton for a washcloth. It was a very deep cut, going down into the hard muscles of the thigh and abdomen, and laying bare a part of the hipbone.

She was almost through before she realized that he was no longer unconscious. Then she saw his fingers twisting around the side of the bed. She looked up quickly and found his eyes upon her, dazed with pain under a wet forehead.

"I didn't know you were awake!" she said.

His lips drew back over clenched teeth, attempting a grin.

"How could a guy sleep when you're doing that?"

"It's iodine. I've got to—"

"Yes, I know," he interrupted. "Go ahead!"

She went ahead, but her self-possession almost deserted her now that she knew she was hurting him. She was relieved when he became unconscious again before she finished.

The doctor came in an amazingly short time, considering the storm. Valerie let him go in alone to see the patient. After a few minutes he came to the door and called her to help him.

Grimly she stuck it out while he sewed the wound. When the dressing was finished and the patient clothed in a clean but hopelessly inadequate set of Brown's pajamas, the doctor drew her with him into the dressing room next door. He made her sit down and forced her to swallow some spirits of ammonia.

"You acted like a lady today. The way ladies acted when there were ladies!"

"But, Dr. Higgins," she asked anxiously, "will he be all right? Is he going to live?"

The doctor grinned, shaking his grizzled head. "It would take a lot to finish a body like that!" He grunted. "All he'll have left in a month is a scar. Who is he, by the way?"

Valerie had hoped the doctor would be able to tell her that. Helplessly she explained the circumstances of the young man's arrival, but Dr. Higgins could offer no clue as to his identity.

"Well," he said, getting heavily to his feet, "there's nothing more to be done until he comes to, and I'd better get back to town before Mrs. Berstwick has her baby. You can carry on for a bit?"

Valerie said she could, and on the way downstairs he gave her her instructions. In the living room, Aunt Sara arose to meet him.

"You are taking him back in your car, doctor?" she asked. "Or are you sending out an ambulance?"

The doctor looked astonished and turned to Valerie.

"I'm sorry, Miss Mason," he said stiffly. "I didn't understand. It would be just as well if the patient were not moved just yet, but I shall send an ambulance."

Valerie flushed. "My aunt is a little upset, doctor. Please send out a nurse if you can. Naturally, the man stays here."

The doctor almost chortled. "Mrs. Emmet in the village is a fine practical nurse. I'll send her. Good afternoon, Miss Mason. And to you, ma'am!"

AUNT SARA scarcely waited for the door to close behind him before she exploded.

"Valerie," she said in a voice still as death, "so long as I am mistress of this house, I expect to be obeyed in it."

Valerie had already started up the stairs. She turned, and for the first time in her life deliberately hurt her aunt.

"But you forget, Aunt Sara!" she protested, sounding surprised. "I'm twenty-one. The house is mine. So, I think, is everything else."

Aunt Sara's mouth dropped and her face whitened. She began to say something and then closed her lips to a thin line. All at once she looked old and defeated.

"Very well." She turned away, shrugging herself back into her cloak of aloof pride.

Valerie wanted to apologize, to say something that would comfort her aunt, but she resisted the impulse. Aunt Sara's tyranny was getting too altogether senseless. It had to be broken sooner or later if Valerie wanted to salvage anything of her own life and personality. Silently she turned and went upstairs.

When she reached the bedroom, the patient was gazing about him curiously.

"It's not heaven," he said. "It's too feminine, and angels have no sex. Angels are funny that way."

She busied herself doing the things the doctor had ordered her to do, but his eyes on her made her so self-conscious that she felt she must talk, though she rather suspected that invalids were supposed to be quiet.

"Does it hurt?" she asked rather idiotically.

"No. I know who you are. Tennyson made you. Elaine the fair, Elaine the lovable, Elaine the lily maid of Astolat."

Valerie felt herself coloring. "What's your name?" she asked hurriedly.

"John," he said briefly. "No, you're not Elaine. You're the fairy Lady of Shalott. You're in a magic tower and nobody but me has ever seen you. Where's your weaving?"

Valerie paled, remembering Gregory's voice saying the same thing to her in almost the same words. An enchanted lady, Gregory had called her, trying to break the spell with his laughter. For a second she had the strange delusion that the man on the bed *was* Gregory, and then the impression passed as she realized that he was probably delirious.

Dr. Higgins had warned her to expect a little fever.

"Go to sleep now!" she said softly. "You're very tired."

"All right," he said. He smiled at her, closed his eyes, and went to sleep.

Mrs. Emmet arrived in a couple of hours, a large woman bristling with starch and belligerent good humor. She took charge of everything, called Valerie a poor pretty lamb, the patient a poor lovely young man, and Aunt Sara—in a somewhat subdued tone—a poor unfortunate lady. She sent everybody to bed at nine and herself proceeded to tiptoe around the house for the next several hours, her feet silent and her starched dress creaking like a wagonload of lumber.

But it was a comfortable noise, and Valerie finally went wearily and peacefully to sleep, knowing things were in competent hands.

The patient was subdued and quiet the next day, sleeping most of the time. When Valerie sent Mrs. Emmet off duty for several hours and attended to him herself, he watched her with vaguely speculative, vaguely bewildered eyes. By the time Mrs. Emmet came back, Valerie was puzzled and rather hurt.

The next day he was the same, and every day for almost a week. He scarcely spoke to her except to answer necessary questions, but his eyes followed her all the time she was in the room.

ONE afternoon, when she was lifting him up from his pillows so that he might drink an eggnog, she felt the muscles of his back straining.

"Don't do that!" she commanded sharply. "You're trying to help me lift you."

He relaxed sheepishly. "I'm too heavy for you."

"Let me worry about that," she said. "The doctor said if you used those muscles around the cut, you might pull the stitches."

He took long gulps at the eggnog.

"Are you trying to choke yourself to death?" she asked at last. "Take your time!"

"But you must be getting tired," he protested.

"I'm stronger than I look. And you're not exactly fat. Now stop worrying and do as you're told."

Suddenly, and almost it seemed against his will, he grinned at her, twisting his head sideways so that he could see her face.

"Stop bullying me! Just watching you knocking around the room, I rather felt you would turn out to be a very overbearing young woman!"

"So that was what you were thinking during all those hours you spent staring at me!" Valerie exclaimed, returning his smile in spite of herself.

"Huh? Staring?" He looked embarrassed. "Was I doing that? I was thinking—" He paused for a moment and then plunged on: "I was thinking how lovely you are. You're the loveliest thing I ever saw in my life."

Valerie flushed and the smile that she tried to make noncommittal was very constrained. His words had made her suddenly conscious that the patient was a young man, an attractive young man with a bright-blue glance that had an alarming way of shattering against her heart, chipping the shell of reserve in which she had placed that organ.

"Finish your eggnog!" she ordered, and even to her own ears the words sounded soft rather than brisk as she had meant them to be.

The next day he was almost completely silent again. Not until late in the afternoon, when she was about to be relieved by Mrs. Emmet, did he say anything even approaching the personal. Then, as she was straightening out his pillow, he caught her hand and held it, looking from it up into her eyes and back again.

"That's an interesting ring you're wearing!" he said.

Her face grew stiff. "Isn't it?" she agreed quietly.

"You must be very fond of it. You wear it all the time."

Valerie opened her mouth to agree with him politely, and was surprised to hear herself telling him the truth:

"I hate it!"

He looked surprised. "But why do you wear it?"

"Because so many people expect me not to. Because I was fond of the man who gave it to me. And because I shouldn't know what to do with it if I were to take it off."

He released her hand and sank back on his pillows.

"Thank you," he said without smiling.

FOR the next few days he returned to his silence, but it was a warmer silence now, a quietness filled with smiles. When she brought him in his breakfast on the third morning after their conversation about the ring, he was unexpectedly gay.

"'Tis the fairy Lady of Shalott!'" he greeted her, smiling.

The yellow-and-white room was so filled with sunlight that Valerie seemed almost to float rather than to walk across it.

"Good morning!" she said. "Feeling better?"

He grinned again. "I am. And I've decided to let you in on my big secret."

She put the tray down and helped him up higher against the pillows.

"A secret?" she scoffed. "No man has any secrets from his nurse!"

Despite the lightness of her voice, she was aware that his words, or rather the tone of his words, had made her heart beat faster.

"Aren't you going to tell me?" she asked after he had been silent for a long moment.

"It's taken me more than two days to think up the right words to tell you in, and now they don't seem right. To heck with them! Anyway, I'm in love with you."

Her heart and her lungs and her blood all stopped for the fraction of an instant and then leaped into action again. She continued to arrange his tray without looking at him or speaking.

"But look," he went on, watching her. "Will you tell me something? Were you in love with Prince Chiniski?"

She started to feed him, and her hand remained steady. The half-smile on her face seemed suddenly paralyzed there so that she could neither bring it to maturity nor remove it.

"No," she said coldly.

"That newspaper stuff was nonsense!" It was a statement, not a question. "You weren't even engaged."

"It made a lovely contrast to the Spanish revolution!" Valerie said bitterly. "The Marrying Prince and the Last of the Masons!"

"How did it happen?" John asked softly.

"I met him and we liked each other. My life has been quiet—Aunt Sara saw to that. I asked him to take me places and show me things. He did."

"But the engagement?" John insisted.

"The papers talked so much and my family objected so violently, we decided to have some fun with them. He loaned me his ring. We used to laugh about it. He was a dear. Like a great child. And yet, he was almost fifty, I suppose."

He caught her hand before it could reach the tray again and pulled it down against his chest.

"Poor kid!"

She paid no attention. Words had come to her for the first time, and now she wanted to talk about it.

"He said I reminded him of the only woman he ever loved. His first wife. And he—well, I felt as though he were—oh, not a father exactly, but something like that. We had fun. I made him take me to that gambling place the night he was killed. He didn't want to. He might still be alive but for me. He said that it was no place for me."

"Don't be sorry for him!" John whispered. "He wasn't meant to grow old. You said it before—he was like a great child. That's why people loved him. He never could resist people."

She stared at him, her words suddenly withered in her mouth.

"He often said he wanted to die like that," John went on quietly. "Suddenly, while he was having a good time."

Valerie's eyes grew wider. "Did you know him?"

"He was my father. My mother was Marcia Delayne, his first wife. I'm John Delayne Chiniski."

As she stared at him Valerie's mind was oddly quiet and orderly. She remembered again the fleeting impression she had had on the afternoon of John's arrival—her identification of him with Gregory, so that they had seemed for a second almost the same person. Looking at John now, she wondered how she had ever been blind to the resemblances between the two of them—the twist of the eyebrows, the laughing corners of the mouth, the faint hauteur of the high-bridged nose with its sensitive, flaring nostrils. Suddenly she sighed and stood up, shaking his fingers from her wrist.

"You were coming here the day you were hurt," she said. "What did you want with me?"

He flushed. "Look, Valerie. I didn't mean to—to keep you in the dark. I mean, I—well, if I seem to have wriggled in here under false pretenses, I'm—"

"Why did you come here?" she interrupted calmly.

"Please, Valerie— Oh, very well! I wanted to see you about the ring."

It was loose on her finger and came off easily. She put it on the bedside table, turned, and walked to the door.

"Valerie!" he called. "Wait! I want—"

SHE went out and closed the door on his voice. Beneath her stunned surprise she was wild with anger and humiliation, though one part of her mind kept logically and steadily demanding why she was so angry and why so humiliated. Perhaps because he had lain there all those days, spying on her. Perhaps because he had felt it necessary to come to her personally about the ring in the first place, as though she would not have sent it immediately to whoever had any right to it. Or perhaps it was because he had rendered her defenseless again before the newspapers and Aunt Sara.

In a sick dream she went downstairs, through the living room to the dining room. Aunt Sara was breakfasting, reading the paper. Valerie went past her to her usual place. She felt herself being watched, and, looking up, she caught an expression of malignant triumph in her aunt's eye. Immediately the eyes were veiled, dropping to the paper.

"How is the patient this morning?" Aunt Sara asked smoothly.

Valerie was startled. It was the first time since the day of John's arrival that her aunt had acknowledged his existence.

"He seems better," she answered casually.

Again that look of malicious pleasure. "I imagine he must be eager to get well! His friends are worrying about him."

Valerie raised her brows questioningly and her aunt pushed the paper across the table. There was a big picture of John on the front page and the annot[illegible] that his friends had asked the police to investigate his disappearance.

"He must have had a lovely time laughing at you!" Aunt Sara gloated. "I wonder what he wanted? To take up where his father left off? I imagine that was it!"

Valerie closed her eyes for a second and then raised them to meet her aunt's. She forced her voice to be cool and low.

"Of course he told me who he was immediately," she said.

The older woman's expression changed to blank amazement.

"You're not telling the truth!" she said.

Valerie shook her head. "You've behaved so unreasonably recently that I thought it best you shouldn't know. That's all."

"You mean—you deliberately brought the son of that man — that — that creature — into this house? That you—"

A NEW voice interrupted, its steadiness meeting and breaking the rising shrillness of Aunt Sara's reedy whisper. Both women jerked around. John was standing in the doorway, a blanket draped over his pajamas in lieu of a bathrobe.

"Look, Valerie," he said. "You wouldn't wait, and I—"

Valerie got to her feet. "I don't want to hear!" she told him in a voice as steady as his own.

"You've got to. I didn't know what you were like. The ring was the only thing he had left when he died. My mother gave it to him. He wanted me to have it. I came to buy it from you."

"To buy it?" she repeated coldly. "It was yours."

"Oh, does it matter? Look, Valerie. I love you. I always will. I—"

She went to the door and started to pass him, but his thin hand caught her arm, detaining her.

"A guy gets queer ideas when he's sick, Val. I thought it would be swell to get to know you before you found out who I was. It seemed like a good idea at the time. It seems silly now."

"So you were lying, Valerie!" Aunt Sara said triumphantly. "Young man, you seem to take to your father's profession easily! The two of you would have made a nice pair. The Marrying Chiniskis! Didn't he do enough harm in this house without—"

Valerie pulled her arm free and ran through the living room, pursued by the contempt of her aunt's voice. Blindly she stumbled up the stairs. Halfway up, she tripped and fell to her knees. Rising, she saw something that filled her with slow horror.

The white silk of her negligee was stained at the knees with crimson. When she touched it, it was wet.

"Mrs. Emmet!" she screamed suddenly. "Mrs. Emmet!"

When she ran back to the dining room, Aunt Sara had stopped talking and John had turned toward the stairs, fright in his eyes. He took a step forward to meet her. Immediately he fell. Beneath the blanket his pajamas were crimson, and the place where he had stood on the carpet was dark and wet.

Valerie threw herself down beside him and caught his head in her lap. "Oh, you fool!" she wept. "You damn fool! Aunt Sara, call the doctor! Where's Mrs. Emmet? Oh, you damn fool!"

His face in her arms looked terrifyingly white and bloodless. The grin he managed only fanned her panic.

"Suppose you should die?" she moaned. "All that blood!"

He shook his head and stopped her lips with his fingertips.

"Not me. Not as long as you're around. Just need a couple of stitches. Better kiss me now. I'm passing out for a bit!"

When Mrs. Emmet came in her patient was unconscious, but he looked contented. Valerie's tears were wetting his cheek, but, despite the fear in her eyes, she looked contented too.

THE END

Are AMERICAN WOMEN *Holding Aviation Back?*

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN the last few years I have addressed many defenseless audiences throughout America. My lecturing chiefly concerns flying experiences of my own, for people seem most to desire personal anecdotes. Usually, however, I impose at least one brief "sermon" about commercial aviation—everyday air travel—and almost always I ask three questions to be answered by raised hands.

"How many in this audience have been in an airplane within the last three years?" I have been asking that question for a long time now, and it is remarkable how the proportion of affirmative response has increased.

"If I were able to give you a free ride on an established air line to some place you'd like to go and return, how many would accept?" That usually brings ninety per cent or more of upraised hands.

The third question is the one that interests me most: "How many would not?"

Usually fewer than ten per cent of the audience would not fly, even as guests. These are for the most part older people. And usually, alas, they include more women than men. In fact, the most resistant persons to air travel I have found are those who have everything to make them liberal—*i.e.*, older women's social clubs.

Of course my informal research is restricted to "cases" who turn out to hear a flyer talk—cases who, it is fair to suppose, are above the average in their interest in aviation. Still, the proportion holds true generally, for air lines find that women actually do offer the greatest

A Famous American Flyer Ponders Safety in the Sky, and Her Sex's Timorous Way of Keeping Their Menfolk from Using the Air Lanes

by

AMELIA EARHART

Following is a list of major air accidents on commercial lines for the period from December 15, 1936, to January 15, 1937:

December 15—Western Air Express liner carrying 7 passengers, 2 women and 5 men, disappeared between Los Angeles and Salt Lake City.

December 18—Two pilots of Northwest Airlines plane killed in crash in mountains of northern Idaho.

December 23—Braniff Airways passenger plane crashed in test flight at Dallas, Texas—6 killed.

December 27—United Air Lines plane crashed near Burbank, California—12 killed.

January 12—Western Air Express liner crashed at Newhall Pass, north of Los Angeles, California—4 killed, including Martin Johnson, famous explorer.

The average wife is afraid to have her husband travel by air. Amelia Earhart says she shouldn't be afraid—but read her article.

"sales resistance" to commercial flying in America. Having been an executive of two passenger-carrying air lines, I have rubbed shoulders pretty intimately with that problem.

At present twenty to thirty per cent of the aviation traveling public are women. That means that in the current year two hundred thousand women in America will use air transportation. Normally more men than women travel on trains, busses, and steamships. But I believe the male preponderance aloft is larger in proportion.

Persuading more women to fly as passengers is not, however, the basic problem of the air lines, pleasant as would be an increase in feminine ticket buying. The trouble is that women too often not only will not travel by air themselves but try to keep their menfolk from doing so.

Such an attitude is not unnatural. Because of inheritance and training and the barriers maintained around women for so long, it is inevitable that we, as a sex, should be invested with some special timidities. Lack of knowledge or unfamiliarity often breeds fear. However, the emancipation of modern women is rapidly changing such characteristics. A girl's upbringing today differs from that of her grandmother as much in independence of attitude as in scholastic subject matter. Her viewpoint and her willingness — nay, her eagerness — to try new things rival that of her brothers.

To the modern child, girl or boy, there is no great wonder in aviation. It is as routine to them as the automobile is to their parents, whose parents in turn saw the automobile replace horse-drawn vehicles, many no doubt rebelling at the innovation and the inherent "dangers" of gasoline propulsion.

I often point out an oxcart is far safer than an automobile. Yet oxcarts do not flourish on the ribboned highways. It is statistically true that for speeds in excess of forty-five miles an hour one is safer on the air lines than on the highway. Last year air lines in America flew a total of 313,905,508 passenger miles and carried 746,946 passengers. There were only fifty-eight accidents and fifteen passenger fatalities, which means that one has to fly 20,927,034 miles before one's turn comes for a fatality. In other words, if one flew 1,000 miles a day every day in the year, it would be fifty-eight years before one might expect fatal injury.

EXACT statistics covering the proportion of men and women air travelers weren't kept until recently, but from the information available it seems fair to estimate that the proportion of women travelers on the air lines in the last five years has increased from about five per cent to twenty or thirty per cent. Certainly in the last two years, according to two major transcontinental lines, there has been an increase of at least five per cent.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is without doubt one of the most consistent women air travelers. She finds the time-saving element all-important in her busy life. I had the pleasure of flying with Mrs. Roosevelt three years ago—I think on her first night flight. We came directly from dinner, wearing light evening clothes, and the fact that we hopped into the big plane "as was" caused some amused comment. To both of us the circumstance simply emphasized the casualness of air travel.

Today there is no more need of special clothing for air passengers (or indeed air pilots) on the air lines than there is for one who travels in a comfortable limousine or Pullman. However, because so many miles are covered in so short a time, it is well to think of clothes in terms of the end as well as the beginning of a journey. Literally a few hours may take one from winter to summer.

Naturally the women who use the air lines most are women in business. A notable piler-up of air miles is Mrs. Estelle Gilbert of a Los Angeles department store. I know that a few months ago she had completed forty-five trips across the United States with TWA. Incidentally, she reckoned that in the time saved she had effected an economy for her employer of more than eight thousand dollars.

Miss Earhart leaving the plane and bidding its stewardess good-by at Burbank, California, after one of her periodic transcontinental "commuting" trips by commercial air line.

BUSINESS women do not do all the flying. Women traveling for pleasure are among regular air-line customers; and the number of children carried with or without mothers is remarkable. One factor in this development is the presence on the transcontinental lines of stewardesses, all of whom are registered nurses.

To illustrate the modern attitude, Mr. Putnam reports a conversation which took place on his last trip to California. As the plane taxied to a stop at a Midwest city, the stewardess said to the mother of an infant in arms:

"Now you get off here and relax a few moments. I'll service the baby."

My husband could not resist chiming in.

"Servicing the baby sounds as if you meant to grind valves and change oil," he said.

"Well, the company overhauls the motors periodically," the stewardess replied; "why not the passengers?"

As a matter of fact, babies seem to thrive aloft. And there are many traveled youngsters who have had far more hours in the air than on trains. Certainly if I were sending young children or old people, to whom any kind of travel is uprooting, I should use the air lines to curtail the journey's length and ease the strain.

Aside from passengers, a number of women are directly connected with the business of flying, in the air as well as on the ground. United Air Lines, who pioneered in placing stewardesses on their planes, now have two hundred and fifty attractive young women in their personnel. When United first inaugurated its long-distance night service, the company employed seven stewardesses. From an average of three per cent women travelers, the passenger lists soon showed ten per cent—a figure which since then has doubled.

Moreover, this new profession has opened another employment niche for women to fill, and a particularly alluring one.

Increasingly the air lines are striving to make the women of America conscious of the attractiveness of modern commercial flying. One of the most original gestures to that end is TWA's gift of a gardenia corsage to every woman as she leaves the plane. Is it any wonder the percentage of women passengers is increasing?

THE END

HOT DIGGITY DOG!

Did You Ever Go In for Great Danes? If Not, You Have Something in Store! Stop, Look, Listen, and Take Warning Says

SYLVIA GODWIN

SKETCHES BY FRANK GODWIN

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT was a worthy scheme when it started. A cunning little germ that grew into a dinosaur and nearly devoured us.

My husband and I feel alike about life in the home: children romping about—a contented tabby on the hearth. These we acquired. But suddenly it dawned upon us that we didn't have a dog.

One winter night Opportunity knocked at our door. I had discovered the advertisement in the classified section and raced to my husband at his drawing board.

"'For sale,'" I read: "'Great Dane puppies!' The place is but a few miles from here, and we should go right away before they are sold." My husband was delighted, and we drove into the snowy night.

Mrs. Fog, who owned the puppies, led us to the stables. There were three puppies, two fawn females and a male brindle. The male was promised, which did not disappoint us, as we both preferred fawns; but *females!*

I sidled over to my husband and murmured, "We can raise puppies." He looked quite pleased with the idea.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"This one," Mrs. Fog said, "we will let go for one hundred dollars. The other is very cheap at a hundred and fifty. Her sable color is extremely rare."

I assumed a we'll-have-to-give-it-up-because-we-can't-afford-it attitude. It worked.

"What could you afford to pay?" she asked.

"Fifty dollars," I replied casually, watching my husband turn red.

We gave her a check for fifty dollars and departed with our prize. We named her Diva.

The success of our bargain went to my head. That other female—handsomer than this one—with any luck we might have her too!

"What do you think about making an offer to Mrs. Fog for that other puppy?" I asked my husband. "If we are going to raise puppies, another female would double our income."

"She was holding that dog for a lot more money, you know," he reminded me.

Mrs. Fog came to the telephone.

"Mrs. Fog, I am calling to tell you how delighted we are with the puppy. Has her sister been sold? . . . We want you to know that we would be willing to sacrifice greatly to have her—provided you would accept the same price. . . . Impossible? . . . Of course we didn't expect it—just mentioning the fact."

Several weeks later I was summoned to the telephone. Mrs. Fog was calling. She said she had decided to let us have the puppy for fifty dollars, as she was going away and therefore disposing of all her animals.

We called Diva's sister Gytha.

We laid careful plans that winter. The dogs would be bred during the summer, and we would expect a litter a year from each. Our home would be paid off in a dozen litters, more or less.

Our pets each required several pounds of beef a day. Sixty cents a day for meat, in addition to vegetables, whole-wheat bread, and soupbones. Oh, well, that wasn't so bad—we could cut down on guests.

Then three stores informed us that their delivery boys refused to step foot on our grounds. We decided to build a runway at the rear of the house. The runway cost four hundred dollars.

Gytha and Diva grew so fast that taking them in our old car became a problem, so we bought an open tan model which we selected to harmonize with their color.

We had decided that the first litter would pay for the car.

Then we saw the cottage. Woods, lake, waterfalls, boats, furnishings—all went with it. "I feel certain we can swing it," my husband said. "You see, we had intended to pay for the other house with the puppies."

"Of course," I answered.

And the next summer we packed up our two cars with children, servants, baggage, and pets, and were off. This was the summer we had been waiting for—the red-

letter summer that would start the dividends. Gytha was to become a mother.

It started at eight o'clock in the morning of August 29. My husband swooped into the house and broke the news:

"A male! Come quick! Everything O. K."

We tore to the icehouse and tiptoed over the straw.

"You said 'a' male," I remarked. "What is the other?"

"Well, of all things—there is another!" my husband said. "Another male."

Each newborn went straight for his place card and there was a great to-do and smacking of lips. By night Gytha was the mother of eight active offspring—seven males and two females. My husband left me on guard and went to telephone the man who owned the sire. When he returned he looked worried.

"That man thought there were too many for Gytha to feed and he advised doing away with the females unless we wished to raise them by hand."

"The brute!" I cried. "As though we would mind raising the little dears by hand."

To leave the family the first night might prove disastrous, so we decided to remain in the icehouse and take turns watching. It was a long weary night. But that was only the beginning. We had decided on a diet of powdered goat's milk, and when it arrived we read the directions: "One half teaspoonful every two hours the first week. Mix fresh at each feeding."

"Whew! That means at night too."

"Naturally," I replied. "Even a baby has to be fed during the night."

My husband lost ten pounds and rejected two stories in a week. "The extra puppies will make up the loss," he said.

At three weeks the feeding grew more difficult. To save time, we would carry them to the kitchen, where they made such a din we were obliged to scream above it to be heard. The cook became sullen and I grew alarmed. "What if she walked out on us?" I asked.

"Well, you started this," my husband said curtly.

When the puppies were a month old we returned to our home—the other home we were buying.

My husband was up early the morning after we got home, as a kennel had to be built for the family. He telephoned an authority on Great Danes to get the important details of starting them on solid food, and reported that we should have fed them raw meat at two weeks, and now they should be getting a pound apiece a day. I sank dejectedly into a chair. "Do you grasp the fact that we have eight of them? to say nothing of Gytha and Diva and the rest of us?"

"We are in up to our necks, so we will have to see it through," my husband replied. "By the way, the Great Dane man asked what their bloodline was, and I couldn't tell him. He said we couldn't sell them without their papers."

"Of course!" I cried. "I'll write Mrs. Fog right away."

Mrs. Fog was in California, but Mr. Fog said he would look it up. Hearing nothing, I communicated again with Mr. Fog. Mr. Fog was making every effort, but he was a busy man.

Another month passed, and it cost us ninety-seven dollars to feed them. The strain was beginning to tell, and my husband's work was behindhand.

When the puppies were four months old I telephoned Mr. Fog. After a terse conversation I felt like the original pest.

"It can't go on!" I wailed to my husband. "He simply can't get the papers. We're finished!"

"You're right. We'll sell them at once."

We placed advertisements in a dozen papers. A prospect telephoned and my husband answered the call.

"Yes, we have Great Danes. . . . Two hundred for males and a hundred for females. . . . This afternoon? Yes, I will be here." But the prospect never arrived.

Then we made a sale. Seventy-five dollars.

The next prospect was an elderly lady. She would like to see a few of the puppies in the house. We brought Runty. The moment Runty stuck his inquisitive nose inside the front door he went berserk.

I threw an old shoe to distract his attention. When he reached down to get the shoe he made a mistake. He picked up the lady's foot. And began to pull! The lady dropped to the floor. Runty wagged his tail as the lady marched out with much dignity.

We sold another male for seventy-five dollars. From then on the situation grew alarmingly serious. Inquiries stopped and we could not continue the advertising.

My husband looked thoughtful. "There is just one answer—we'll give them away."

I went to the telephone.

"Ann? We are going to give you one of our puppies. . . . What? Your spaniel doesn't like big dogs?"

"You heard," I said to my husband.

Then I thought of the lady. I hesitated, but not for long. She came to the telephone and I said: "We have raised some very nice Great Dane puppies, and we would love to give one to your children if they would like to have it."

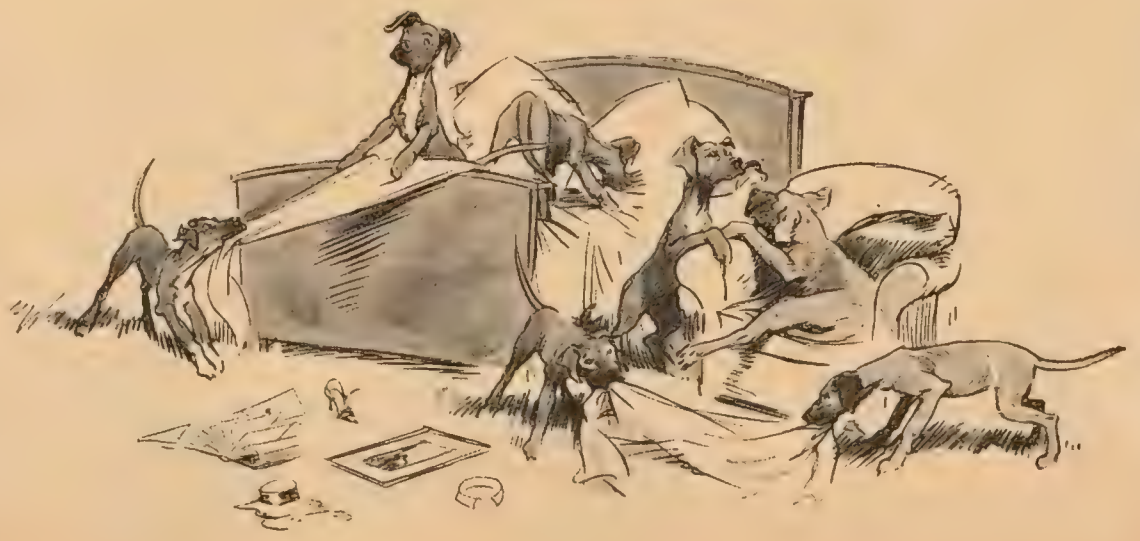
Her reply stunned me:

"That is the sweetest thing I ever heard of—I never knew anything more generous, and the children will be simply delighted!"

I managed to stagger to my husband.

"We have found a home—no, not for us, for a dog."

That day the tide turned; for by night an artist and his wife said they would like to have a puppy, and we got twenty-five dollars each for two dogs from a lady who knew about dogs and bargains and got both. Finally Runty departed and that left one.



And then we had a stroke of genius. We offered her to the man who foreclosed our house, and we shall always feel grateful to him for giving her a home.

We are now settled in an apartment, and are becoming quite enthusiastic about raising canaries to pay for our rent.

THE END

The Shortest GHOST STORY

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

as told to

ACHMED ABDULLAH

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES

The late Gilbert K. Chesterton.

HERE is the shortest "short" I ever heard. I like it. It was told me, a few years ago, by a very great man—Gilbert K. Chesterton. You can believe it or not, as you like.

It is about a middle-aged English clerk named Thomas Albert Smith. He was a small man with—of course—a large walrus mustache. One dark afternoon he stepped aboard the London-Southampton train, neatly dressed in pin-stripe worsted and clutching a dismally wet umbrella. Outside the station a driving rain was changing to a slashing roaring storm.

He seated himself and sighed. And he said to himself: "I wish I were home. My slippers will be toasting before the fire. And my wife will have tea ready. And, it being Saturday, there will be a boiled egg and a plate of shrimps. My word—I do like shrimps!"

He shivered. Felt cold. Not in his body, since he wore long flannel underwear and the train was warm, but—had he known, which he did not—in his soul. . . .

He gave a start as he heard a cough. A cough. Nothing else.

Yet at that moment he was conscious of a very vivid state of terror.

He turned; saw that another man had come out of the corridor into the compartment which hitherto he had had to himself: a man very much like himself, small, neatly dressed in pin-stripe worsted.

Being a Briton, he disliked strangers.

He turned away; thought, once more, of his snug home in London.

"My word," he ruminated, "I do like shrimps. . . ."

He was thoroughly annoyed when his reflections were interrupted by a voice:

"Don't you agree with me?" It was the other little man.

"Don't I agree to *what?*" demanded Thomas Albert Smith.

"What I said a moment ago." The little man smiled thinly, pointed at the gathering night, the solid sheets of rain sweeping the window. "I said," he remarked, "that this is just the sort of night for ghosts to be about."

Thomas Albert Smith gave a sniff. "Pah!" he said. "I don't believe in ghosts."

"Oh—*don't* you?" said the other little man. He gave a brittle laugh—and, the next second, had vanished into thin air. . . .

THE END

Can you tell a shorter short short than this? If you can, Liberty will be glad to consider it for publication. Send your manuscript to Shortest Short Editor, Liberty Magazine, 122 E. 42d Street, New York, N. Y., and enclose a stamped addressed envelope for its return to you if unavailable. . . . This is not a contest, but Liberty will pay for all accepted stories at the highest rates.

You'll Soon See Across the Sea

A Behind-the-Scenes Look at Television, Present and to Come, and What Its Magic Will Mean to the World

by

DAVID SARNOFF

President of the Radio Corporation of America

as told to

Donald Furthman Wickets

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

"IT was good to hear your voice, but we would have been better pleased to see you with us," I called to Senator Marconi through my desk microphone in Radio City across five thousand miles of ether. "We will soon be able to *see* each other by transatlantic television," retorted the Father of Radio from his yacht Electra in the Mediterranean. This prediction was his most salient contribution to an extraordinary four-cornered conversation. The other participants, flying between Washington, D. C., and Buffalo, New York, in separate planes, were Robert Jardillier, the French Minister of Communications, and Maurice Rambert, president of the International Broadcasting Union.

The radio short wave was the djin that carried our voices almost instantaneously across oceans and continents. It linked three modern marvels—airplane, radio broadcasting, and transatlantic radiotelephone.

Radio, it is true, has grown a century in ten years. Will television grow as fast as Marconi's brain child has grown? Shall we really be able *soon* to *see* each other across the ocean? That is a matter of speculation. "Soon" may be five or ten years; maybe more. Television is today where radio broadcasting was in the first year of its existence. It has been for years a reality in the laboratory. It is on the point of becoming a practical reality in the sphere of education and entertainment. But, in spite of astonishing forward strides made even in the last six months, it is not yet here for the public at large. I said in the summer of 1936 (see Liberty of August 22) that the size of the image transmitted by our present equipment was not large enough to be enjoyed by more than a small gathering. I pointed out that the broadcasting range was fifteen to twenty-five miles. Developments since that time have been somewhat more rapid than I anticipated. The size of the image reflected on the television screen has been increased and the effective station range has been lengthened in one instance to forty-five miles.

Experimental television broadcasts are now being carried on from our NBC studios in the RCA Building. We broadcast actual scenes, staged in our television studio, as well as "canned pictures," reproductions, usually somewhat curtailed, of movie films. We *telecast* not only vaudeville acts but newsreels and speeches.

The television artist must have not merely a voice but a presentable personality; he must be an actor as well as a speaker or singer. Television, like the radio, requires a special technique. In the first television experiments chalk-white faces, black eyebrows, and black lips were required. This ghastly make-up has been discarded in favor of a panchromatic scheme, employing chiefly various shades of pale orange, red, and brown. These colors reproduce well on the screen; they give an even tone to the skin and accentuate the artist's features. Light waves prefer blondes! At least, for the time being, blondes are reproduced most flatteringly on the "kinescope" screen.

It is even possible that this characteristic, unless we can correct it, will have an effect on the fortunes of political candidates in the future. The radio played an important part in the recent Presidential campaign; it is not too bold a speculation to say that the next Presidential campaign, four years hence, may be influenced by television.

The present television screen is too small to permit the adequate transmission of mass scenes, parades, processions. If more than two or three actors appear on the scene simultaneously they are reduced in size, and detail is lost, although playlets with five actors occupying the stage simultaneously have been successfully televised. If we magnify the television picture beyond a certain point, the sharpness of definition decreases.

The smallness of the television image does not deprive the scene of reality, because everything is in proportion. The general effect is that of watching a moving picture. Television pictures are yellow, or greenishly tinted. The typical television set looks like an ordinary full-sized radio with a mirror on the inside of the cover reflecting the image screen. The most recent machines have a twelve-inch kinescope and are capable of reproducing pictures of seven and a half by ten inches. Fifteen or twenty people can easily gather around an ordinary television receiver in its present stage and enjoy the synchronized sound and light effects.

In various demonstrations we have used fifteen receivers to entertain two or three hundred people. Sound and sight waves were sent from our studio in Radio City to the Empire State tower and sent back from there to our black-draped laboratory NBC theater in Radio City. Television films are placed in projection machines and run off exactly like moving pictures.

The magic transformation from picture to electric signal is wrought through the "iconoscope tube" and the "iconoscope camera." The iconoscope camera changes the speaker or actor from a visual thing into so many electric impulses. High-frequency tubes amplify the picture signals. We use "audio" transmitters for sound and "video" transmitters for sight. (*Audio* is Latin for "I hear"; *video* for "I see.") Sound and sight are transmitted simultaneously. "Antenna filters" make it possible to transmit sight and sound from a single antenna. Dials similar to those on the radio set tune in sound and picture signals.

We use two methods for transmitting our programs: In one, the "radio link," the image rides through the air. The other system transmits the image by what is known as the "coaxial cable." The first is based on the principle of wireless; the second on that of the telephone. It is too early to say which of the two methods will finally be adopted. For the present we utilize both experimentally.

We have tested television chiefly in the metropolitan area and adjacent suburbs. These tests have disclosed various requirements that must be met by commercial service. We have learned a great deal about ultra-short waves and interferences. Our engineers have surmounted the difficulties involved in the task of making the apparatus function outside the laboratory. Our experiments have confirmed the soundness of the technical fundamentals upon which we propose to build television.

How television may aid medical science. A specialist, in his clinic miles away, directs an emergency case.

Standards of television transmission and reception have been steadily improved. The recent RCA field tests have employed " 343-line definition "; that is, each separate picture (of which there are thirty a second) is made by an electronic beam racing across the screen in a series of 343 horizontal lines. RCA and the other members of the Radio Manufacturers' Association have now recommended to the Federal Communications Commission the adoption of even finer definition, that of 441 lines, as the commercial standard. It is of course essential that all television transmitters operate according to a single standard, in order that a receiving set may be tuned to any broadcasting station within range.

Various European countries are experimenting successfully with television. From the point of view of research, laboratory development, and technical progress, the United States leads its European rivals. In European countries television is subsidized by various governments; the areas involved are comparatively small. In the United States television is backed by free individual initiative and private capital.

If television were to progress no further it could serve certain limited purposes even today. It could entertain patients in hospitals, invalids, and others debarred for any reason from leaving their domiciles. It provides even now thrills for the amateur.

Television will play an important part in education. It will transmit, even more vividly than the radio, the messages of culture and science. Lecturers will be heard and seen simultaneously in 10,000 lecture halls. Statesmen of the next decade should be able to see and talk to each other as if they were gathered around the same table, without leaving their capitals.

The time may come when medical experts will not be compelled to travel hundreds of miles in emergencies; they will be able to see the patient and discuss his case with the doctor without leaving their clinics. Doctors are frequently consulted by telephone or, on the high seas, by radio. But the ear cannot entirely take the place of the eye.

Executives who now communicate by teletype and radio with their staffs will be able to transmit their orders to ear and eye; they will be able to know what is going on in any part of their plant by pressing a button. These are a few possibilities. Actually it is impossible to foretell the extent to which television will modify civilization. Primarily television programs will serve the purpose of public entertainment and education.

Eventually television will bring not only the people of the United States but the people of the world closer together. The more contact we establish with nations and individuals, the more we multiply the avenues through which the brain is approached, the easier it should be to reconcile conflicting national and economic interests.

THE END

Modena's GIGOLO

by MARY K. RHODES

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Hell Hath No Fury . . . Remember? The Poet Was Right! There's Beguiling Proof in This Joyous Tale of a Dusky Amazon's Vengeance

MODENA stood before a dingy shop on Railroad Avenue and pressed her broad flat nose against the flyspecked window. Modena was "pleasurin'" herself. She had come to town on the plantation wagon that morning.

"Say, lady!"

A thunderous voice interrupted her window-shopping. With the squeak of a frightened mouse, Modena turned. There was no one in sight at the moment save a forlorn little colored man sitting slumped against a fireplug, with his feet in the gutter.

Modena considered him in silence while the man returned her stare insolently.

"Is all dat noise come outen your li'l' peewee body, mister?" she asked at last.

"Ain't no wusser'n a ol' elephunt like you squeakin' like a bat!" the man retorted angrily.

Modena's fat sides shook with laughter.

"Reckon you's right about dat, mister," she agreed. "What you want wid me?"

The man's voice assumed a conciliatory whine.

"Miss, I so hongry my stomach stickin' to my ribs! Can't you gimme a li'l' change to git me a snack? I come all the way from N'Awleens and I can't git me no kind of a job nowhere. Looka my shoes!"

Modena looked. His yellow feet showed through the remnants of black-and-white oxfords.

"Dat sho is bad!" Modena sympathized.

Reaching into her capacious bosom she extracted a grimy handkerchief with one corner knotted. She untied it and counted five nickels slowly into the man's outstretched palm.

But she looked worried. Modena's heart was as big as her body.

"Dat ain't gwine buy you but one dinner," she fretted; "den what you gwine do?"

"On'y Gawd A'mighty knows, sister," the man said lugubriously. His strange light eyes watched the big black woman.

"Whyn't you go up to Sweet Home plantation, where I lives at, and ask Mist' Jim for a job? He always got plenty work for ev'ybody."

"Well, you see, ma'am, I ain't so strong, you see, and dis awful hot sun kind of sweats me out till it seems like I jest ain't no 'count for work a-tall. It sure is hard. Yes, ma'am, it sure is."

His deep voice dragged dolefully.

"Um-um!" Modena grunted her commiseration, but she had no more ideas. She reached into her dress again and brought up a small rubber sponge with which she mopped her face energetically.

Then she moved slowly away, with a pleasant "Well, good day to you." The man had not troubled to thank her for the money. At the corner she stopped and looked back. The man was still there, watching her. She turned and lumbered back to him.

"Mister," she panted, "le's you and me go git a cup of cawfee where us kin set down and talk. I done thought of somepin."

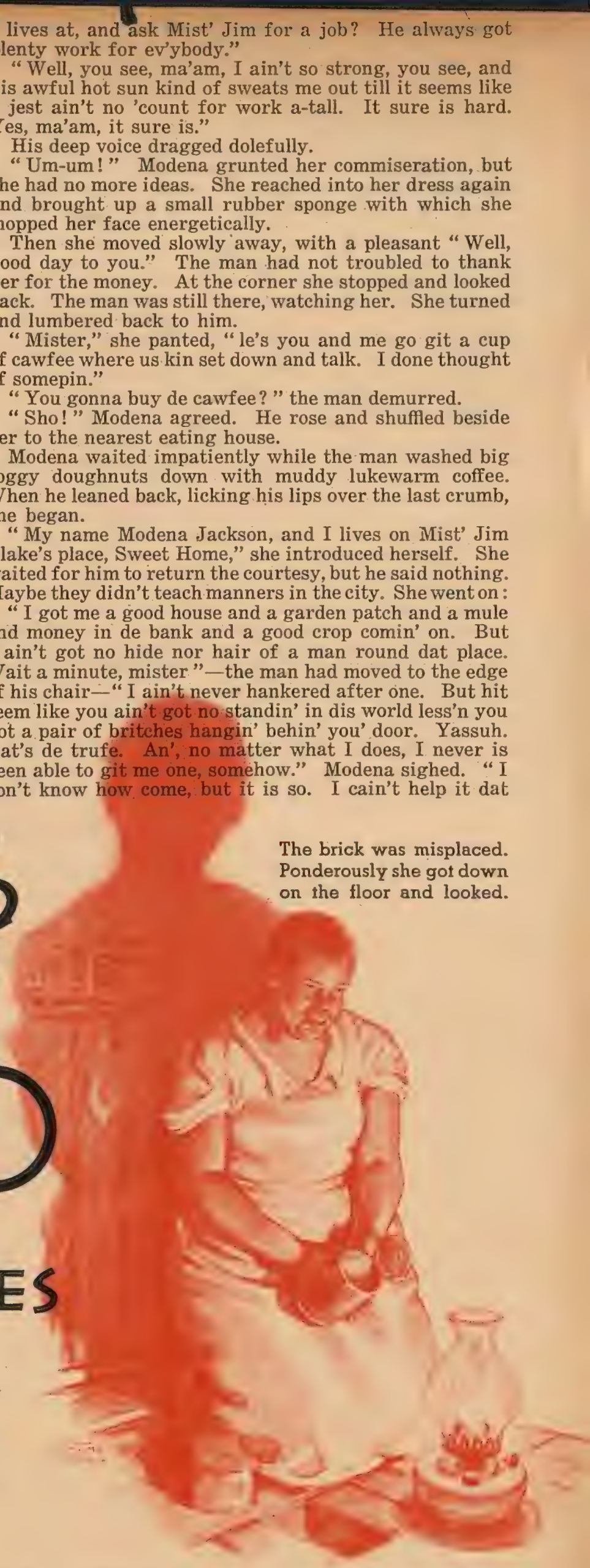
"You gonna buy de cawfee?" the man demurred.

"Sho!" Modena agreed. He rose and shuffled beside her to the nearest eating house.

Modena waited impatiently while the man washed big soggy doughnuts down with muddy lukewarm coffee. When he leaned back, licking his lips over the last crumb, she began.

"My name Modena Jackson, and I lives on Mist' Jim Blake's place, Sweet Home," she introduced herself. She waited for him to return the courtesy, but he said nothing. Maybe they didn't teach manners in the city. She went on:

"I got me a good house and a garden patch and a mule and money in de bank and a good crop comin' on. But I ain't got no hide nor hair of a man round dat place. Wait a minute, mister"—the man had moved to the edge of his chair—"I ain't never hankered after one. But hit seem like you ain't got no standin' in dis world less'n you got a pair of britches hangin' behin' you' door. Yassuh. Dat's de trufe. An', no matter what I does, I never is been able to git me one, somehow." Modena sighed. "I don't know how come, but it is so. I cain't help it dat



The brick was misplaced. Ponderously she got down on the floor and looked.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MONTE CREWS

Rose Vaseline screamed shrilly at the huge bulk that suddenly towered above them, a whip in upraised hand.

my face so ugly. Gawd made it; I never," she finished plaintively.

The man made no effort at gallantry, but Modena had not expected it.

"You don't need to be skeered, mister. I don't want no lovin' man, nor neither no wukkin' man. All I wants is a man's shirts flappin' on my line and a man's voice sweet-talkin' me when de womens goes by in de road. And somebody to go 'long of me to prayer meetin's and baptizin's and sichlike. I thought maybe so, you bein' out of work, us could talk business."

The man viewed Modena with a jaundiced eye. She was ugly enough to stop a mule on his way home to his supper.

"What I git outen it?" he asked thoughtfully.

"Well, does you come live to my house and play like you is my man—jest play like, dat's all," she assured him hurriedly, as his eyes sought the door, "den I feeds you good, and washes and mends you, and buys you clo'es and baccy and a li'l' swig of cawn on Sat'd'y nights. How do dat sound?"

The man considered.

"W-ell," he hesitated, "does you buy me a checkered suit and a red tie and some yaller shoes?"

"Uh-huh. Sho!" Modena agreed eagerly.

He cast about in his mind for other luxuries.

"And some store teeth?"

Lawd! This man was going to run into real money. Still, his sunken gums were not so pretty.

"Yeah, but dat's all," she stipulated, to check further inspirations.

"And I don't do no work?"

"Nary a lick!"

"Nor neither no lovin'?"

"Not 'less'n you wants to," Modena answered this coyly.

"Us don't do no lovin' den," he decided, crushing her budding hopes ruthlessly. "All right. I comes. My name Horace. Le's git goin'."

And so, when Modena returned to the plantation wagon in the cool of the evening, a wizened little yellow man, gorgeously appareled, minced beside her with his hand clasped tightly in her big paw. Modena's face glistened with pride and sweat.

Two white men, passing, laughed.

"A Darktown gigolo!" one of them remarked.

"What dat is, Horace?" Modena demanded after they had passed. "A jiggle-o? What 'tis?"

Her question made Horace cross. He liked to appear omniscient.

"How I know? Maybe hit's what I is."

Modena sighed her rapture.

"I sho do hope 'tis. Hit's a proudful word, for true."

Next morning the first pale sunlight was just touching the tops of the cypress trees that fringe the lake bank on Sweet Home plantation, when Aunt Hetty, the gossip of the "quarters," wheezed down the Big Road toward Modena's cabin as fast as her asthma and her short fat legs would permit.

Outside the neatly whitewashed picket fence, Aunt Hetty paused and gasped and mopped her round black face. The heavy odors of frying meat and strong black coffee floated out of the cabin's open door. And a man was sitting in the swing on the little porch.

Aunt Hetty eyed him as she might a dinosaur. She looked away, panted, and looked back again. Her eyes had not deceived her. He was there. A man. Aunt Hetty gulped. Then she ventured timidly:

"Mawnin', suh. Ain't nothin' happened to Modena, is dey?"

"Nope." The man's indifference was abysmal. Aunt Hetty waited. When he seemed disinclined to do any-

thing further about her, she spoke again: "Would you, please, suh, to call her for me?"

The man considered her request for a moment and then, in a roar which added to Aunt Hetty's consternation, he called: "Oh, sugar!"

Great Lawd, Aunt Hetty marveled, wherever did he hide such a bull bellow in that puny little cricket body?

"I comin', honey."

The little house quivered as Modena followed her words through the doorway.

"Lawd!" she cried, smiling widely. "Ef yon ain't Aunt Het! Whatever done got you up here dis early? I jest gittin' we breakfus on. Cain't you rest you'-self and have a bite to eat wid us?"

"No'm, I thanks you, Cun Deeny," Aunt Hetty declined politely. "I done et a'ready, and anyways I ain't got no time to visit. You come on out heah to de gate a minute."

Aunt Hetty's eyes were fastened upon the man on the porch in fascinated disbelief.

MODENA eased her enormous bulk down the cabin steps, one at a time, holding her red-flowered Mother Hubbard out of the way of the feet she could not see. Aunt Hetty wasted no time on idle pleasantries.

"Cun Deeny," she whispered loudly, "what is dat on you' gallery? Is hit a man?"

Modena took no offense.

"Hit sho is," she answered Aunt Hetty proudly. "Hit my gempmun friend, come from town wid me last night. He come all de way from N'Awleens to see me."

She turned toward the porch with a heavy air of proprietorship.

"Horace! C'm'on down heah and meet one of my lady friends." Horace rose obediently, stretched himself, and then minced down the steps.

He was a sickly little man of bilious yellow color, plentifully splattered with large pale-brown freckles. His forehead had only started into being when it retreated hastily into his smoothly ironed black hair. His eyes were the cold milky green of marbles. But he moved with all the airs and graces of a "city nigger." And his broad mouth, beneath a thin Caucasian nose, was crowded with shining golden teeth. Modena had bought them second-hand from a dentist on Railroad Avenue.

To Aunt Hetty's awed "Sho is proud to know you, Mist' Horace," he vouchsafed a barely perceptible nod, yawned again, and leaned on the fence, picking his gleaming teeth and gazing with languid disfavor upon the blue expanse of lake. Aunt Hetty calculated feverishly on the cost of that mouthful and tried to think of something polite to say.

"Unc' Jake say you brung home a 'jiggle-o' wid you, Cun Deeny," she managed at last.

"I is," Modena admitted smugly. "Horace is hit."

Aunt Hetty's eyes bulged. She giggled her embarrassment.

"Well, you-all jest got to scuse me, folks, but I ain't never in all my days seen no jiggle-o befo'."

Modena was very gracious.

"Don't you do no scusin', Aunt Het. Jest you look at Horace all you craves to. I reckon ain't nobody else on Sweet Home seen one of 'em till now, neither."

The plantation was beginning to stir. Men were at the stable lot, getting out the mules; women sauntered down the road, their hoes over their shoulders. All of them stared at Horace with frank incredulity. At last he found the battery of curious glances too much for his composure.

"Git on in de kitchen, woman," he growled at Modena. "T'ink I gwine starve to deff whilst you stands heah gabbin'?"

"You' breakfus right on de stove, good and hot, darlin'," Modena assured him. "You go 'long in and git it, and I'll be dere in a minute."

Horace left, and Modena's round brown eyes watched him proudly. Aunt Hetty was apoplectic with unasked questions.

MARY K. RHODES
wishes she might show the world the old South where courtesy and culture reigned, but feels that it has been overdone and thinks it wiser to stick to her plantation Negroes. Her pet hate is people who say, "I'm going to write a story myself some day when I get the time to do it."

"Cun Deeny! Is you done got you a man at last, for true?" she burst out as soon as Horace disappeared into the cabin.

Modena simpered, so far as a brown moon face with hippopotamus nostrils and protruding teeth can simper.

"Don't hit look dataway?" she murmured.

Aunt Hetty was forthright and tactless.

"Naw, hit don't. Hit look more to me like you done trap you a spiteful ol' he-coon dat's fixin' to bite you' hand off eff'n you don't be keerful!"

Modena's smile faded, her thick lower lip quivered.

"You ain't got no call to say dat, Aunt Het. You cain't treat one of dem jiggle-os like you would ol' ornery men-folks. You got to sort of polite 'em some. Ev'y-body know dat. Ain't nary 'nother woman on dis place got one of dem. 'Sides, hit's nice to have a man around de house, and Horace sho is a stylish gempmun, now ain't he?"

Aunt Hetty grunted.

"Well, you knows you' own business, I reckon, Cun Deeny," she conceded. "Lawd knows you old enough to. But I ain't never thought to see the day when you'd have a man like other womens. No, ma'am, I sho ain't."

"Nor neither me, Aunt Het," Modena admitted humbly.

"Well, I got to be gittin' back. Sis Jule waitin' to go out in de field till I come back and tell her 'bout all dis. So good day to you, Cun Deeny. You and you' gempmun friend best come along to prayer meetin' tonight."

Battle, murder, and sudden death could not have kept Modena away from prayer meeting.

"I sho be dere. Me and Horace, all two," she called proudly after Aunt Hetty, already puffing down the road. Then she went into the house to eat her own snack, clean up, and get out to the field.

Horace was sitting at the kitchen table, wolfing great hunks of hot yellow corn bread and washing them down with gulps of steaming coffee from a thick china cup. He was not a pretty sight, but then Modena had never asked for beauty. She moved heavily into the spare room, which was now Horace's, to tidy it.

THAT first day passed quickly for Modena. Her whole being expanded in the wave of curiosity and admiration which Aunt Hetty's story had aroused among the other field hands.

When quitting time came Modena hurried off importantly. It was getting late and she, like the other women, must get home to feed her man. She found him stretched in unlovely slumber in her barrel-stave hammock beneath the cottonwood tree. It was a proudful thing to see him there. She heaved a Gargantuan sigh of satisfaction.

Opening the gate quietly, she tiptoed into the cabin. She wanted to get supper well under way before Horace lifted up that foghorn voice of his. Soon the stove was roaring red, bread was baking, the scent of coffee and backbone stew drifting out on the hot summer night. Modena aimed to feed Horace well. And she wasn't going to scold him, or try to make him love her, either. It might be that she could hold him. She didn't know.

Modena's life was altered from that day to a closer semblance of the thing she would have wished it. The women of Sweet Home, awed by Horace's title and his gleaming teeth, deferred to his proud possessor. The men cut thoughtful eyes at Modena, wondering if perhaps they had overlooked anything. She spent hot hours over the little wood stove concocting delicacies. She bore with true wifely submission Horace's loudmouthed abuse. So long as his manly voice roared sweet words at her, so long as his bantam form picked its way daintily beside her when she ambled to prayer meeting or to the commissary of a Sunday afternoon, Modena continued to stuff Horace's stomach and his pockets uncomplainingly.

It was no small task. Horace seemed to spend his days, while Modena was sweating in the field, thinking up new demands. He took everything without gratitude. Only the checkered suit and the gold teeth meant anything to him.

Modena exhausted her credit at the store. Had she not been frugal all her days, even her balance in Mr. Jim's bank would have been consumed by the insatiable Horace. Modena thought sometimes, as the summer advanced, with real longing for the quiet peaceful days before she had acquired a gigolo. Her fat began to hang flabbily on her bones, and her little deep-set eyes took on a hunted look. She slunk about the house in much the same cowed manner that Juby-dog did. The thrill of those first proud days as the possessor of Horace was gone.

And then Horace began to cut his eye at the women. There was one girl in particular, a wild thing from down the river somewhere. Her name was Rose Vaseline, and she wore a dress of scarlet silk that stretched tight over rounded young thighs and jutting breasts. She passed the cabin often, clinging to some other girl's arm, giggling loudly and rolling inviting eyes at Horace. But Horace did nothing more than eye her eagerly and berate Modena brutally when Rose had passed. It wasn't one of those things that you could put your finger on. It was just something in the air.

Perhaps it was a flash of scarlet disappearing around the corner of the house as Modena came wearily in from the field. And Horace looking like old Juby-dog when you caught her sucking eggs.

ONE night at prayer meeting Modena, glancing at Horace, found him ogling the benchful of young girls in the rear, among whom Rose's scarlet dress flamed. Modena nudged her erring cavalier with a fat elbow.

"Take you' mind offen dem hussies and put it on Gawd," she admonished him fiercely. "It won't cost you so much in de en'."

Reluctantly Horace withdrew his gaze from Rose's inflaming curves and held the hymnbook which she could not read before Modena's little eyes. He was pure weary of humoring the old cow, but what could he do about it? And then, from somewhere, from the devil perhaps, inspiration came to Horace.

After that he was devotion itself. After meeting, when they all stopped at Ca'line's for rice and good fried lake fish, Modena shone in his reflected glory. Horace outdid himself, what with bowings and scrapings, grand city jokes and songs that made the girls hide their faces and the married women shriek with laughter. Modena's fat face grew weary with smiling. It was worth all that Horace had cost her. It was Life. She forgot the very existence of Rose Vaseline.

Strutting proudly home in the soft summer darkness with Horace's hand clasped in hers, she listened receptively when he suggested some minor changes about the cabin. Encouraged, he went further.

"Modena, I's mighty 'fraid in my mind 'bout you."

Modena's eyes popped.

"'Cause why you 'fraid in you' mind 'bout me, honey boy?"

"Skeert you gwine lose you' money, dat's why. Peddler goin' by today done tol' me de banks all over de Nunited States is been a-shuttin' up, blam! Just like dat. Same as a mousetrap do on a mouse. You don't know which gwine be de nex'. And you' money gone den for good."

"Great Lawd!" wailed Modena, panic-stricken. "How come you ain't tol' me sooner? I gwine wake up Unc' Jake dis yere minute and make him take me to town."

"Banks ain't open at night," he soothed her. "But you best go 'bout first dawnlight. Hit's a mighty big risk."

"Have mussy, Lawd! I ain't gwine shet one eye dis night!" Modena moaned. Horace smiled smugly into the darkness.

"Well, you jest git it and hide it good like other peoples does, 'stead of puttin' it in de bank, so fancy. I'll loosen you up a brick from de hearth floor. Dat's de best place for money, anyway. Dey tell me ol' Adam hisself kept his change in a tomato can under a brick. And you can't noways beat him!"

Horace showed no undue interest when Modena returned from town next day with a wad of bills in her purse and stuffed them into an empty can which she placed in the hole he dug beneath the bricks of the hearth. Modena thanked her God piously for such a business head as Horace's.

And the uneventful days dragged by beneath a brassy summer sun. Modena, returning at dusk one day and finding no Horace waiting for her, sat heavily down upon the top step, to ease her aching feet. She could hear the other field hands coming home, laughing, talking, singing. The trace chains of the mules clanked rhythmically as they trotted toward the barn and supper.

"Heyo, Cun Deeny!" the women called to her. "What you doin', settin' yonder? Don't y'all eat to you' house?"

Modena laughed with them.

"I jest waitin' twell Horace git home," she told them serenely. "'Taint no use troublin' trouble twell it hits you 'twixt de eyes. Not dis hot weather."

Some one made a remark then, low-voiced. Somebody snickered, then hushed suddenly. That was all, but a strange prickly feeling raised the goose flesh on Modena's fat black arms. She smelt trouble of some sort coming her way. She rose and went inside the house.

She lit the lamp in her room with fingers that shook, though she didn't know why. But she found nothing there to give her what she called "de quinkles." She carried the lighted lamp into Horace's room.

AND something was bad wrong there, she saw at once. Horace's gaudy clothes were gone from the hooks behind the door. Modena hurried into the kitchen lean-to. Horace's bottle of perfume, his hair oil, his liver medicine, all were gone from the kitchen shelf. Only some toothpicks and a half-empty jar of corn salve remained.

Modena searched the house—behind the doors, beneath the beds, even in her old trunk. Then she went out and looked in the corncrib. It was useless. There was no Horace. It was as if he had never been, there in the cabin by the lakeside.

She went and stood in her doorway, looking down toward Aunt Hetty's house where the women were getting ready for a fish fry. She wanted sympathy the worst way.

Great shiny tears slid down her fat black cheeks and fell upon the shelf of her protruding lower lip. She turned slowly back into her room. And then the very heavens echoed to her howl of rage.

She found him stretched in unlovely slumber in her barrel-stave hammock.

"Sweet Lawd!" she wailed. "Will you please, suh, to step heah and look what dat ape done done!"

The loose brick in the hearth was misplaced. Modena had not seen it when she first came in. Fury dried the tears that were still dripping. Ponderously she got down on the floor and looked. No, Lawd. It was not there. The tomato can was still in place but it was empty!

She got to her feet again. And then,

while she stood thinking, she heard the hoarse whistle of a steamboat far off and faint, like the bellow of a big bull alligator in the lagoon. The steamer Jubilee! A great light dawned on Modena. Her small eyes gleamed red.

She left the cabin door gaping wide behind her. She only paused for an instant on the front porch to take down an ugly black-snake whip from its hook upon the wall. Then she set out at a heavy jog trot across the cotton fields toward the road to the landing, through the soft sweet-scented evening.

Down the road then, panting, running, stumbling. Frightened by the night. Hugging the black-snake whip to her bosom. The night was very still save for the sound of katydids and crickets, the voices of the bullfrogs at the water's edge, and the splash of a gar leaping in the lake. There was no moon but the stars were bright. Everything was inclined to peace except Modena. She was a perambulating volcano. Erupting as she went along.

"O Lawd," she told her Maker solemnly, "jest lemme git to dat landin' 'fore dat boat. Dat's all I asks. You won't have to do no more. I kin take keer of 'em, all two. Dat Horace! Wisht I hadn't never of met up wid dat no-nation no-'count, I does!"

Her tone held the contempt of the black for the mulatto.

"Ai-yi!" she squealed in terror as she stumbled over a cow sleeping in the road. But she picked herself up and urged her fat legs to a fresh outburst of speed.

"Horace acted good enough twell dat hussy Rose come a-switchin' herself around. Hit were dem store teef of his'n what took her eye. Dat's what it was."

She stepped into the ditch to avoid another cow.

"I done made my *mis*take when I ain't married up wid Horace," she puffed. "Hit mighty hard to keep a beau. Dey seem like dey bawn for to stray. You knows dat, Lawd. Cain't nobody rule a loose man like dey kin one what's all tied up good.

"Oh, Saviour, I ain't never gwine make dat landin'! Hab mussy, Lawd, hab mussy!"

Right was on her side. The lights of the Jubilee were tiny dots of color far up the river when she reached the landing. There was a clump of willows near the old levee. A tiny fire was burning and a dark shape crouched beside it. That would be the landing keeper, old Bunny, who was lame and half-blind and could do no work except to meet the boats. There were dark splotches scattered about, bales of dried moss for the up boat to Vicksburg. Behind one of those bales Modena felt that she would find the erring Horace and Rose, hiding. Horace didn't have the guts of a mouse!

Craftily she crept from bale to bale, peering, listening. Behind one of them two dark forms crouched. A deep voice rumbled.

ROSE VASELINE screamed shrilly at the huge bulk that suddenly towered above them on the moss, a whip in its upraised hand. But Modena was not concerned with the temptress just then.

"You li'l' chicken snake, you!" she squeaked at the cowering Horace, who vainly attempted to hide beneath his ladylove's skirt. "Do me dirt, would you? Treat me like a dog, good as I been to you? Shut up!" Horace had made no attempt at speech. "Steal ev'ything I got, huh? Come out from behin' dat bale, nigger."

Horace came. With great reluctance. Rose Vaseline clung to him, attempted to hold him back. With a skillful flick of the whiplash Modena cut the skirt of Rose's scarlet dress from waist to hem.

"Stay where you at twell I calls you, gal!"

Rose stayed. Horace howled.

"Now, you low-lifed white folks' leavin's, strip!" Modena ordered. "Ev'ything of mine what you got, put over yondah by de fi-yer. You ain't gwine be no jig[illegible] when I gits through wid you," she finished grimly.

Dragging unwilling feet, Horace meekly preceded her to the spot she indicated for his dismantling, within the radius of old Bunny's firelight. Rose Vaseline hung back, but at a word from Modena she trailed behind him. Modena triumphantly brought up the rear.

"W-what I does now, ma'am?" Horace stuttered.

"You does what I tells you, dat's what!" Modena squeaked. "Fust you gimme dat good money of mine you done stole."

A grubby wad of bills, still warm from Horace's clutching fingers, was in her hand almost before the words were out of her mouth. But his alacrity did not appease Modena.

"Now den, out wid dem good sto' teef what I boughten you. Makes me mad ev'y time I thinks 'bout you grinnin' like a ol' Chessy cat at dat gal wid de teef I done spent my good money on."

With sadness in his soul, Horace attempted to extract the treasured mouthful. But his fingers were clumsy with fear and the teeth caught on his lumpy gums. He fumbled with them nervously, until Modena, impatient, performed the operation for him with a heartless yank, while Horace roared to heaven with pain and humiliation.

BUT there was worse to come. Even Modena's squeaky voice took on a deeper note as she pronounced her final sentence. Rose Vaseline moved in half-hearted protest, only to meet the stinging lash again, taking its toll of the sleazy silk of her dress. Modena's mad was up for true.

"Now strip, you dog! Ev'y stitch I put on you' back! Hurry up, too."

Horace laid coat and vest at her enormous feet, but when it came to the trousers, he rebelled. Even a "jiggle-o" may have his pride.

Sobbing, he drew back and clutched his nether garments to his puny shaking flanks. Modena was implacable. She stuck her ugly face close to his.

"Plat-eyes and ghos'es! Ha'nts an' dead men's bones!" she chanted in a shrill whisper. "Graveyard dus' for to blind you' eyes an' de debbil for to git you' soul! Does you shed dem britches, nigger?"

Superstitious Horace was in an ague. Rose Vaseline moaned loudly. The roar of the gigolo's bull voice was weaker than a katydid's chirp.

"Hit ain't fitten! Lawd A'mighty knows hit ain't fitten 'fore a lady!"

Modena's howl of rage jarred the Mississippi River.

"Lady, you sez! Where she at? *I* ain't no lady. I's a 'ooman. Dat slut yondah—I show you de lady she is!"

Rose Vaseline dodged but the fiery flick of the vengeful lash descended. Modena looked at Horace. With a banshee wail he dropped the disputed trousers.

. . . . . .

The Jubilee edged in to the bank at Sweet Home landing. As she lowered her gangplank an undersized colored man, clad only in dingy underwear, darted aboard and scurried frantically to cover behind some empty sugar barrels. A woman was close at his heels, the shreds of what had once been a scarlet dress fluttering from her shoulders. She clutched at the man, but he struck her hand off with a snarl and left her cowering on the deck.

There was no one in sight at the landing but blind old Bunny.

"'The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth,'" the steward quoted sententiously to the mud clerk.

"Looks like two sides of a triangle to me," the latter chuckled.

The bell rang, the water churned beneath the Jubilee's giant wheel, and the big boat backed out into the river on her glamorous way to New Orleans.

THE END

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To the Ladies

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THEY sang between the courses of their dinner in a cheap New York restaurant. They sang for the joy of singing, unpaid, unasked. Their young voices lifted in the glory of an old religious song. I saw a city slicker push impatient fingers across his eyes, a gaudy blonde bite her lips, saw an old couple join trembling hands. The Lincoln Cathedral Choir was singing.

Two days later the swing-time band in the elegant Sert Room restaurant begged members of the Lincoln Choir dining there to sing. Then I saw emotion sweep over New York sophisticates.

The Lincoln Cathedral Choir is named, not for a building, but for a hope. It is the organization's ambition to raise some day the funds for a cathedral in Lincoln, Nebraska. John Rosborough, who organized the choir seventeen years ago, conducts it and trains it. He belongs to no denomination, accepts people of all creeds into the choir. None of the singers are paid.

Their visit to New York was part of a tour instituted to help raise money for the proposed cathedral.

Respect and affection for John Rosborough bind together these singers —some rich, many poor. They come to him with their troubles and joys.

"Any number of my youngsters are secretly married," Mr. Rosborough told me. "Some since high-school days. Nobody knows—or will know—till they decide to tell."

Many ex-members of the choir organized community singing in Midwestern districts made desperate by long drought years. Pent-up emotions found release in song.

Something of the inspiration that John Rosborough has brought to his work passes on to others.

● Smart specialty shops are positively gibbering over the new luncheon sets embroidered with quaint maps showing the French wine districts.

Now why can't some firm in this country produce luncheon sets figuring *American* wine districts? There

JOHN ROSBOROUGH

is plenty of good American wine, but very few of us know where it is made. We might learn by looking at the doilies and runners on the table. Our fruits and vegetables and the places they come from would also make attractive decorations for luncheon sets. Why not be snobbish about being Americans in America—just for a change?

● Bogey story for tidy women:

A widower with a fine taste in antiques bought two rare old chairs. He decided to collect a set, instructed his dealer to snap up all similar chairs, and darn the cost. Then he settled a married daughter in his house to guard the treasure, and sailed for Europe.

Within a few weeks his dealer cabled announcing the lucky purchase (for $5,000) of two more chairs. Back came the old gent, rushed home, went straight to the cellar, where his original chairs were stored. The cellar was bare. He summoned daughter. Said she:

"Uh-huh. Sure. I had *all* the rubbish cleared out. Sent it to an auction —and would you believe it, we netted $5,020."

● A San Francisco hospital plans to give daddy, while he is waiting for the happy news, books to read on "the future care of the baby."

Doctors and nurses whom *I* questioned say papa should have read all about caring for baby months before. They prescribe detective stories and magazines for the crisis. What about a movie? I asked. No—no movie. Mama doesn't like papa to have fun when she is having such a bad time. Kindhearted gals, aren't we?

● Spring gales are blowing. I hate the wind in a city. It is an enemy. It slaps your face, bites your ankles, thrusts icy pinching fingers down your neck, shrieks "Fool!" in your ear, howls at your window of withered friendships, lost days, dead hopes.

The winds of spring, galloping down an open road, are coltish, friendly imps. They shove and buffet, they mock and laugh, they whisper of fun, adventure, fine places to go.

Country hostesses should give "meet-the-wind" parties for town-dwelling friends.

● Dale Carnegie gives useful pointers to people with friends, as well as to the friendless, in his book How to Win Friends and Influence People. (Simon & Schuster. Price $2.)

● For midnight snackers in bed; things to eat, and things not to eat:

Grapes, oranges — yes; apples, bananas—no-o-o. . . . Milk and crackers, dry cereal and milk—*yes;* éclairs, lemon-meringue pie—no. . . . Pound cake, peanut-butter or jelly sandwich —ye-es; mother's fruitcake, caviar sandwiches—NO, NO, NO.

Whatever you eat, spread a large towel to catch the crumbs. Crumbs in bed are more bother than a bad conscience.

The Man DEATH FORGOT

Sentenced for Murder in 1908— Yet He Cannot Die . . . The Amazing Story of a Killer's Years in the Shadows

by JOHN KNOX

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

He told the Reverend Prickett how he felt about him, and plugged him.

ARCHIE HERRON killed old Sam Prickett. There was no doubt about it. He walked right up the front steps of the Reverend Prickett's home, told him how he felt about him, and plugged him with his trusty .38.

Two years before, in 1906, Prickett, who was not only a minister and the editor of the local paper but a magistrate, had sentenced Archie to ten days in the pen—just because he was drunk. Besides, Sam Prickett was under suspicion of being an A. P. A. and Arch Herron was under suspicion of being an Irishman—and in Metuchen, New Jersey, in those days that situation was just naturally fraught with carnage.

Five days after the killing, the grand jury indicted Arch. Seven days after that, the Supreme Court tried him. Eleven hours and twenty-seven minutes after court convened, he was convicted and sentenced.

Arch Herron as he looks today, a prisoner at 77.

The judge who sentenced him, the prosecutor, the attorney who defended him, and doubtless a majority of the jury have all been dead for many years—yet Archibald Herron is alive today.

On September 2, 1908, Defense Counsel Cowenhaven took his case to the Court of Errors and Appeals and secured a stay of execution. On December 14 the Court of Errors and Appeals declined to interfere with the verdict; and Justice Bergen set the week beginning January 25, 1909, for the execution of Herron. Governor Fort refused to grant a reprieve.

On the morning of what was to be the last day, Cowenhaven appeared before Judge Rellstab of the Mercer County Court with an application for a stay of execution and a formal inquiry into Herron's sanity. Judge Rellstab denied the application.

Governor Fort, however, now granted Herron a thirty-day reprieve. At the end of it he granted an extension of thirty more days. This new stay of execution would expire March 29, 1909.

On March 26 Justice Bergen, who had presided at his trial, directed that an inquiry be made into his sanity and that the execution be postponed. Under the law as it then stood, a condemned man who had been reprieved could be executed only at the order of the judge who sentenced him in the first place. Herron's fate rested in the hands of Justice Bergen.

There were several inquiries into his sanity, none of which got anywhere. In fact, this was still going on when, in 1923, Justice Bergen died and the case against Archibald died with him. No other judge could order the execution. The legislature amended the law but could not make the amendment retroactive.

Meanwhile, Archibald Herron sat tight in his cell in the State Prison. He had immersed himself in silence. A model prisoner, he might have availed himself of all the relaxations that the prison provided. He might even have secured his liberty; his release would have been a welcome solution of the legal difficulties. But he preferred to live forgotten—waiting for the death that didn't come. When alienists examined him he would talk wildly and with what he regarded as insane gestures. He would not read because it "might hurt his eyes." He would not leave his cell for the exercise ground because he "might catch cold."

Probably no one will ever know the psychology which motivates him. One thing is certain: he has never let himself forget that he is under sentence of death.

He is seventy-seven now. His long stretch in solitary seems to have done him no harm. There are even signs of increasing cheerfulness, a timid willingness to unbend.

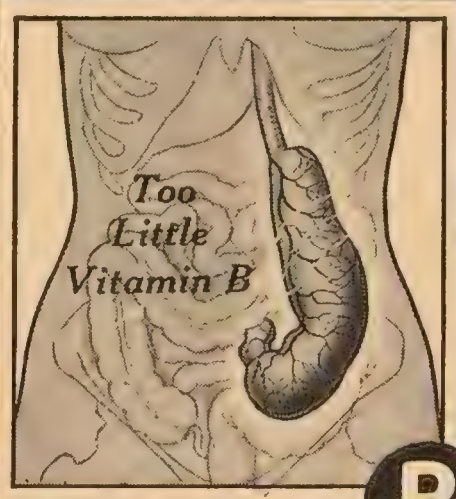
Three years ago he contracted flu and was taken to the prison hospital. For the first time, he heard a radio. He backed away from it. "Not yet," he said.

He went back for a while. But the spell was broken. He had come from behind the bars and had not died. He ventured out again—and still did not die. He went out of his cell more often and with a lighter heart.

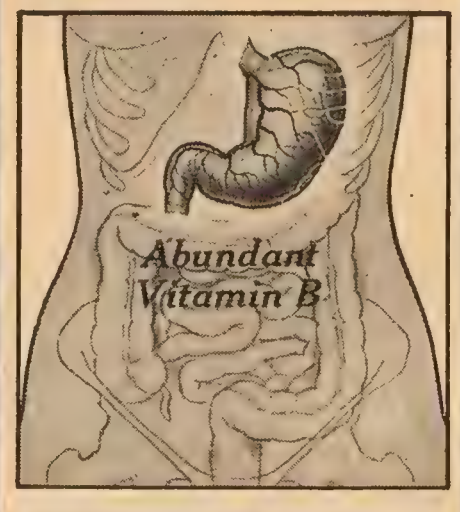
Perhaps he believes Death really has forgotten him.

THE END

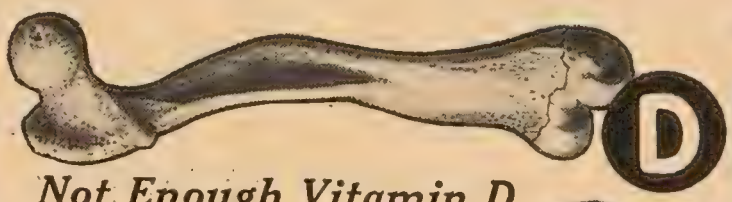
You Can't Count On Meals Alone For Vitamins You Need



A shortage of Vitamin B results in fallen stomach, flabby intestines, and many nervous disorders.



A daily supply of Vitamin B—the NERVE VITAMIN—is important to keep stomach, bowels and intestines strong and active—and assure steady nerves. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast *regularly* to make sure you get enough Vitamin B. It is one of the foods richest in this essential vitamin.

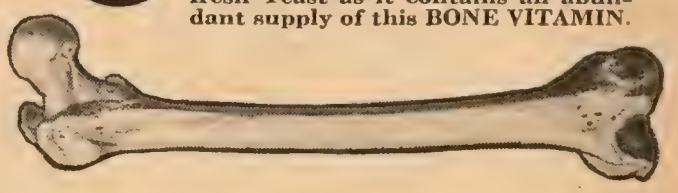


Not Enough Vitamin D

The crooked bone above shows what can happen when there is an undersupply of Vitamin D—THE BONE VITAMIN. Note the deformity—the enlarged joint, and the porous texture.

Plenty of Vitamin D

An ample supply of Vitamin D should be had by mothers during pregnancy and while nursing to assure her child strong, straight bones and good teeth. Mothers should eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast as it contains an abundant supply of this BONE VITAMIN.



Yet a Shortage of Even ONE Vitamin in Your Diet Can Lead to Impaired Health. By Eating a CONCENTRATED Supply of These 4 Vitamins EVERY DAY You Don't Need to Worry About Getting Enough of Them at Mealtimes

EACH separate vitamin has its own special part to play in helping to keep you healthy. No one vitamin can take the place of any other.

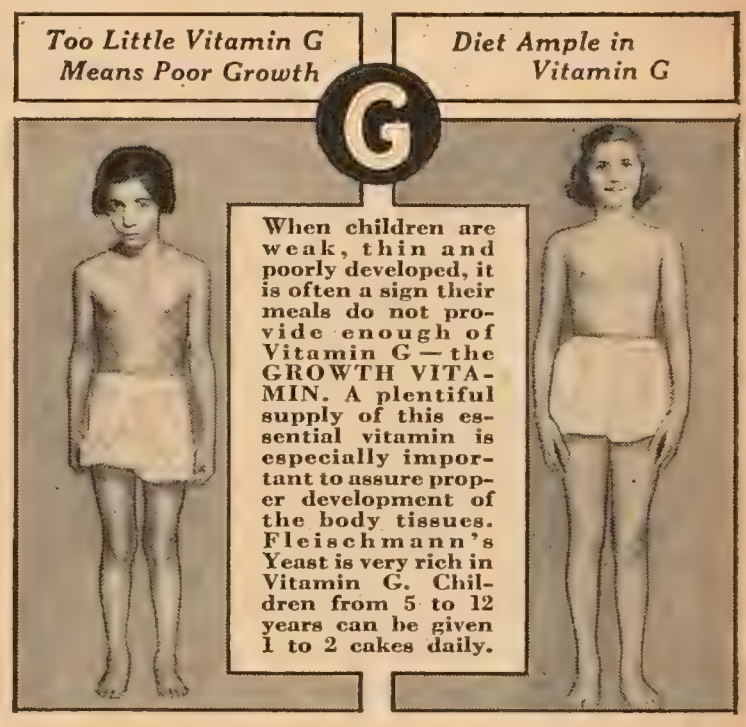
Yet—our ordinary meals, dietitians say, often fall short in one or more of these necessary food elements.

That's why today more and more people are increasing their supply of four of these food essentials by eating FLEISCHMANN'S fresh YEAST.

This *one food* added to the diet assures an *extra* supply of 4 essential vitamins, A, B, D and G. *No other single food* gives you such an abundant supply of *all 4* of these vitamins at once.

Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water. *You* need the *added* daily vitamins this tonic food provides. Start eating it *regularly*—today!

THE SUPERB PHYSICAL strength and vigorous health of Herman Brix—Champion Shot-Putter—prove he gets an abundant supply of the *4* important health-building vitamins, A, B, D and G.


Too Little Vitamin G Means Poor Growth
Diet Ample in Vitamin G
G
When children are weak, thin and poorly developed, it is often a sign their meals do not provide enough of Vitamin G—the GROWTH VITAMIN. A plentiful supply of this essential vitamin is especially important to assure proper development of the body tissues. Fleischmann's Yeast is very rich in Vitamin G. Children from 5 to 12 years can be given 1 to 2 cakes daily.

INSUFFICIENT VITAMIN A lowers resistance to infections of the nose and throat—contributes to frequent colds. Eat Fleischmann's Yeast and keep up your supply of this valuable vitamin.

The Richest Food Source of these combined Vitamins A, B, D *and* G

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HOWARD HUGHES —*Record Breaker*

RUPERT HUGHES chuckles that this is a biography "by a poor uncle of a rich nephew half his age." Last week the famous uncle told of the meteoric nephew's boyhood, of how he became interested in making movies, how he was "dragged into the gigantic production of Hell's Angels," and how eventually, after chasing clouds and moving mountains, he was ready to show the result—a silent picture. Unfortunately, he finished his great silent film just as the fateful talkies were coming in.

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE STORY OF AN EXCITING LIFE

by

RUPERT HUGHES

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ACCORDING to the reports, Hell's Angels had now cost Howard three million dollars. It is certain that it had taken up a year and a half of his time. After months of preparation he had given the signal for the first camera to start rolling on October 31, 1927. The first projection machine at the first preview spilled the picture before the first audience in March, 1929.

It was a silent picture, and the audience received it in silence. The public had turned against the silent drama almost overnight.

Such a preview is one of fervent suspense for all concerned in any case. Howard's high hopes went into a tail spin and crashed because the audience was puzzled by the incongruous pantomime of the actors and the old-fashioned printed titles. Planes zoomed and cannon fired, people talked and shouted, blazing planes smote the earth; but never a sound was heard. Howard's film was mute and the audience might as well have been deaf.

There was nothing for Howard to do but give it sound. This meant reshooting everything but the aerial material. The uproar of that could be added to the sound track.

The problem of revision meant much more than merely adding spoken dialogue. The whole story must be retold for the ear as well as the eye.

He kept James Hall and Ben Lyon for the two leading roles but was forced to change his leading woman. Greta Nissen had not yet overcome her Swedish accent.

To replace her Howard decided to hunt for an unknown, since he feared embarrassment in directing an established favorite. He made tests of many novices, looking for one whom he could make a star and use in his future pictures, thus saving him from borrowing prominent women from other studios at high salaries.

He hunted in vain until one day Ben Lyon came to him and said that among a number of friends who were visiting him there was one girl at whom Howard ought to take a look. Howard looked, gave her a test and the role.

Her name was Harlean Carpenter, but she took the name of Jean Harlow, and she made on all the world the instant impression she had made on Howard. He had the courage to entrust to her unpracticed arts the destinies of his enormous investment. His courage was rewarded. Her blazing beauty and her dynamite vitality were as sensational in their way as the airplane battles in theirs.

He put her under a long-term contract and reaped rich profits from it. His press agent invented for her the phrase "platinum blonde." It became a household word and set a fashion. Women copied Miss Harlow's hair, to the vast emolument of chemists and hairdressers.

For years Jean Harlow's pulchritude and her provocative recklessness in the roles assigned to her blinded even her admirers to her dramatic skill. She had been a really fine actress long before the critics gave her the credit that was her due. She is now recognized, however, as a comedienne of exceeding brilliance with an added ability to flare up into fierce passions of love or rage.

With her as his leading woman and a new continuity finally whipped into shape, Hell's Angels came out of the silence into the speech. The new version not only satisfied the public demand for dialogue but added the tremendous power of airplane noise.

And now the picture brought to the screen all at once the first glimpse of a new woman star; the first sight of fifty planes in a "dogfight"; scenes of a Zeppelin bombarding London and finally wrecked by the self-sacrifice of an aviator who dived through it; and the overpowering din of aerial warfare.

In all four of these attacks on the public eye and ear there was something irresistible. Surely nothing was ever more sinister than the beautiful shots of the Zeppelin stealing through the mists and fleeing in vain from the darting planes.

Howard Hughes arriving at Floyd Bennett Airport after setting a record for Miami-New York flight of 4 hours 21 minutes 32 seconds.

Surely no music was ever more potent than the bloodcurdling songs of those airships.

The picture was not ready for release as a talkie until May, 1930, when it opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. The first camera had turned on the silent version October 31, 1927. Howard had spent more than two years on it. According to the newspapers, it had cost him four million dollars. It actually cost him a little over two million.

There was great curiosity over the picture, and for the opening night all the tickets were sold a week in advance at eleven dollars a seat. Speculators sold some at fifty dollars apiece.

Its success was instantaneous, gigantic. The public flocked to it, the critics flung superlatives at it: "It stands alone as the greatest of air pictures." "The most beautiful shots and thrilling action the movies have yet built." "Beside its sheer magnificence all stage spectacles and colossal circuses become puny."

He sent it across to England with some trepidation, but the critics there were even more rapturous. The London Times said that it had "no equal on the screen." The Daily Express said it was "the greatest masterpiece the screen has ever known." The Sketch said, "London was thrilled as never before." In all languages loud paeans of praise rang out.

This was pretty good for a young man of twenty-four.

Almost as exciting as the picture was the public suspense over the matter of Howard's getting his money back.

Mr. Hughes and the plane he helped to design and build in which he established the world's speed record for landplanes of 352.388 m. p. h.

At top are, left to right, Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow, and James Hall in scene from Hell's Angels; center, Karen Morley and Paul Muni in Scarface; and, bottom, Adolphe Menjou, left, Pat O'Brien, seated, and Maurice Black, in The Front Page.

The outgo gushed forth in thousands of dollars at a time. The income must trickle back in dimes and quarters. There were all the expenses of middlemen, and it takes a mighty multitude of visitors to pile up a million dollars, two, three, four.

Hell's Angels was not his only picture, big as it was. During its production he also produced Racket and The Mating Call, both with Thomas Meighan in the star parts. In the year following completion of Hell's Angels he produced five more: The Age for Love, Cock of the Air, Sky Devils, The Front Page, and Scarface. The

One of the beautiful shots in Hell's Angels, made after a long chase for the proper cloud effects, which won acclaim for the film as the greatest air picture.

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a pleasant-tasting, alkalizing solution which contains an analgesic (sodium acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it does two important things. First, because of the analgesic, it brings quick, welcome relief from your discomfort—and then because it is also alkalizing in its nature Alka-Seltzer helps correct the cause of the trouble when associated with an excess acid condition.

AT ALL DRUG STORES—30c and 60c Packages

Slightly Higher in Canada

HEAD ALL STOPPED UP WITH COLD? CAN'T SLEEP?
TRY THIS !
ROTTEN COLD—HEAD ALL STOPPED UP, DIDN'T SLEEP A WINK LAST NIGHT.
TRY THIS BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTE. I ALWAYS USE THEM WHEN MY HEAD IS CLOGGED UP WITH A COLD.
SAY, THAT'S WONDERFUL, JUST THESE FIRST FEW PUFFS HAVE GIVEN ME RELIEF.
YES, THAT WARM MEDICAL SMOKE CERTAINLY DOES RELIEVE LOCAL CONGESTION.
Prove it for yourself—ask any druggist for a small package of Dr. Blosser's Medical Cigarettes or write today for
FREE Sample Cigarettes
to The Blosser Co., Dept. A-1 Atlanta, Ga.
DR. BLOSSER'S
MEDICAL CIGARETTES

Front Page brought Pat O'Brien to the screen. Scarface gave Paul Muni his first screen opportunity. Howard also contributed to the films George Raft, Ann Dvorak, Karen Morley, and Louis Wolheim.

After making five pictures in one year he decided that he had enough of motion pictures for the time being.

But this was not a mere whimsical dropping of a toy. He had mastered the field and made several good pictures, including one of the greatest ever made. He saw before him a more tempting field of conquest. He was not yet quite so old as Alexander the Great when he wept because he had no more worlds to conquer.

What the witch burners and wizard hangers would do to our aviators if they came into power again makes one shudder almost as much as the feats of the sky piercers. In days not so far back the sun and the planets were supposed to be only thirty-five miles overhead—only a little farther than our stratosphere balloonists have probed. A century ago people figured that if a railroad train went twenty miles an hour all the passengers would go blind from watching the landscape. And now people hardly look up when an almost invisible plane writes advertisements in almost infinite letters across the blue manuscript pages of heaven.

About three years ago Howard engaged a few young graduates of engineering school. Under the supervision of two very brilliant men, Dick Palmer and Glen Odekirk, he put them to work in the back of an old hangar at Glendale, California.

The place was well guarded and so were the drawings that poured from it into a blueprint shop.

In time six more men were hired, wood- and metalworkers and mechanics. For eighteen months their doings were kept secret, though Howard's connection with them had become known, and the task at which they were engaged. It was called the mystery ship.

IN August, 1935, an aviation magazine said of it: "Hughes' ship is still a mystery. No dope on its design, construction, or performance has been released. The wings are of combined wood and metal construction. The rest of the ship is all metal. Both the landing gear and the tail wheel are retractable. Wind-tunnel tests are supposed to have indicated a possible speed of 365 m. p. h."

On August 18, 1935, he was ready for the preliminary test hop. He took his "mystery ship" to the Municipal Airport of Los Angeles and ran almost the length of the field for his take-off.

This delayed take-off was due to the fact that, in order to cut down air resistance and gain speed, the wings had been made very small. The ratio of the plane's weight to its wing area was about twice the normal. This meant that every square foot of wing had to lift twice the usual load. Consequently the ship had to take a long run to build up a speed at which the wings would lift it from the ground.

Once aloft, Howard flew in a leisurely circle for about a quarter of an hour, then brought the ship down and landed it.

On September 12, 1935, he appeared at the Martin Field near Santa Ana, California, for an attempt against the world speed record. It was here that Dr. Albert A. Michelson had established the speed of light at 186,000 miles a second. All the conditions established by the National Aeronautic Association and the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale were complied with. Cameras were set up and the course measured at 3 kilometers, or 1.86 miles, and an electric timing device installed.

THE judges who watched from an observation plane were Amelia Earhart Putnam, the pilot Paul Mantz, and Lawrence Therkelson, official of the N. A. A. There were other officials on the ground.

It was late in the afternoon before everything was ready, and though it was the 12th of the month, the flight began as it ended with the bad luck ordinarily associated with the 13th. First, Howard cruised over the course for a while at a mere 302 miles an hour; then entered it again on a dive from the sky, which was ruled as a disqualification, though he was clocked at 346 m. p. h. He banked, came back for a second try, and reached 352 m. p. h. He tried it again and made 339 m. p. h.; but it was now so dusky that the cameras failed to catch him. The judges ruled that four consecutive runs across the course properly made and clocked were necessary before the record could be called official.

The best previous record had been made by the French ace Delmotte in a plane on which the French government is said to have spent a million dollars. His speed of 314.319 miles an hour on December 26, 1934, had taken the crown away from the late James Wedell.

The next morning, the 13th, Howard was on hand again, and conformed to all the regulations while the timing device and the cameras were doing their duty to the satisfaction of the officials.

The official tests were finished, but Howard decided to make an extra run over the course with the engine wide open. Just as he entered the course at a terrific speed, the motor cut out. He shut off the gasoline tank, which had failed to feed, and turned on another tank. However, the motor refused to run again, in spite of the fact there was plenty of gasoline in both tanks. He could not get back to the airport, and there was only a beet field in front of him. As he was about to lower his retracted landing gear, he realized that if he did he would be carried across a concrete highway and probably wreck the plane and perhaps himself. He was inspired to set his ship down on her belly at a hundred-miles-an-hour clip. She skidded along the soft ground to an eventual

halt, with only a propeller bent and the cowling dented. By the time the anxious spectators arrived they found Howard calmly seated on the propeller hub.

In due course of time his record was established as authentic by the American and International Associations and the mark set at 352.388 m. p. h. Howard says that the plane is capable of 385 m. p. h. During the first of his runs across the course, the covering over the cockpit blew off and this opening slowed the plane about 15 m. p. h. Also, he had used only 900 of the 1,100 horsepower now available in the motor.

Furthermore, a search for cause of the gasoline stoppage disclosed a wad of steel wool jammed in the main gas line. How it got there is not known, but there was talk of sabotage.

Howard next cast his eye on a long-distance hop. The transcontinental record from Los Angeles to New York had been gradually lowered till Colonel Roscoe Turner made it in 10 hours 2 minutes and 51 seconds during the Bendix Air Race in September, 1934.

For his attack on this record Howard used a standard Northrop mail plane of the same type flown several years before in carrying the mail.

HE had passed his thirtieth birthday only two weeks or so when on Monday, January 13, 1936, at a quarter past noon, Pacific Standard Time, he set out from the Union Air Terminal at Los Angeles. His machine weighed over 10,000 pounds, including the gasoline, a record load for that type of plane.

His radio antenna snapped off at the very start, leaving him without radio guidance and only a compass to trust. The weather closed in on him and he had to fly blind for two hours before the sky cleared over Santa Fe. He had been flying at 15,000 feet, but he began to fear for his fuel consumption, so he went up 3,000 feet more, and reduced his power.

Near Wichita, Kansas, he struck rough air and his compass was so bumped that the dial jumped off the point which acts as its bearing. But the moon came up and he took her for his guiding star, correcting her suggestions by hasty glances at his map and the after-midnight lights of cities. At 18,000 feet the rarefied air produced a lethargic drowsiness that would have dulled his senses but for the whiffs of oxygen he seized from time to time.

He had left Burbank in great secrecy, and nobody at Newark had ever heard of his attempt, except an official timekeeper whose presence he had requested.

In Gray's Elegy the poet says:

Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

So might some watcher from the skies have seen this young man three

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

LEAVES go with the autumn winds; but Nature replaces them in the spring.

Not so with the hair on your head; once gone it's gone forever. And with it goes the confident look of youth.

So help the hair you have with Kreml, America's most successful hair tonic.

Kreml will remove every trace of dandruff.

Kreml stimulates the scalp, helps cleanse the pores, checks falling hair.

Kreml is invigorating, lends the look of lustrous new life and vitality to the hair.

Kreml also makes it soft and pliable, easy to comb, and keeps it neatly in place without plastering it down like gigolo grease.

Women, too, love Kreml—for the alluring sheen it imparts to the hair—for helping to overcome dryness and brittleness after permanents.

Ask your druggist for Kreml; tell your barber to use it after the haircut.

KREML SHAMPOO, TOO. Made from an 80% olive oil base, Kreml Shampoo gives lashings of soft, rich lather—rinses out in a wink—leaves the scalp and hair fresh, clean, invigorated.

KREML

Tested and Approved 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Plan a program for greater comfort this winter—

Right now and every day after build good general resistance

It's a comfortable feeling to know that you're *prepared* for winter—to be fairly sure that you can stay on the job these trying months and *still* keep well.

That's the enviable state of mind of people who have *already* begun a program to help avoid common winter discomforts.

Knowing that February is a peak month for these conditions, they take precautions in advance. *While they are well,* they use daily measures to increase their general resistance!

Wouldn't you like to give this new idea of prevention a trial? This is the time to start. Begin at once with *Adex.*

Adex provides Vitamin A, which specifically helps you build good general resistance. Also extra "sunshine" Vitamin D.

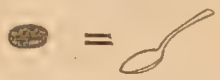
Just a few Adex tablets a day give you exactly the same benefits as whole teaspoonfuls of cod liver oil. That's because Adex is so very rich in vitamins, all taken from abundant natural sources.

Begin *today* with Adex and keep it up straight through the winter. Have it on the breakfast table so that every member of the family is *sure* to take it routinely.

Ask for Adex, in tablets or capsules, at any reliable drug store. Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D



One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil

miles and more above the earth, hastening along the great circle over a path of about 2,500 miles, through the red sunset and the thickening dark at four miles a minute, and pushing on through the night till he slipped down into the Newark Airport at eighteen minutes to 1 A. M.

He had left the Pacific Coast a little after noon and he reached the Atlantic a little after midnight. He had flown from 12.15 P. M., Pacific Standard Time, to 12.42.10 A. M., Eastern Standard Time—a total of 9 hours 27 minutes and 10 seconds, breaking the record by more than half an hour. His fastest speed, 290 m. p. h., was made between Indianapolis and Pittsburgh.

When reporters traced him to his hotel in New York, he took his honors modestly.

"There isn't a record that can't be beaten. Regular passenger ships will be making the trip in ten hours soon."

Asked how he accounted for his high speed in a regular commercial plane, he gave the credit to the United States Army Air Corps for permitting him to use their newly developed high-altitude 1,000-horsepower Cyclone engine.

He drifted down to Miami now for a little relaxation, but learned that James Wedell had made an official record for the flight between New York and Miami of a little over five hours. So, leaving Miami April 21, 1936, at a little before noon (11.49.50 A. M.), he made the 1,196 miles without stop in 4 hours 21 minutes and 32 seconds.

HE kept the ship at a level of 13,750 feet all the way. Something went wrong with his oxygen system, so he flew without it. There are countless things to go wrong in the air. The flyer usually answers the questions of what to do as Columbus did in Joaquin Miller's poem:

Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!

On his way to Los Angeles in the doubly record-breaking plane, Howard paused at Chicago. He had planned to see if he could eat breakfast there and dine in Los Angeles; but he met a friend who offered to bet him that he could not stay for lunch in Chicago and still make Los Angeles for dinner. Howard took the bet, a modest one of fifty dollars.

The regular passenger planes take about twelve hours and forty-five minutes for that trip. Howard ate a hearty lunch, and on May 14, 1936, at 1.05 P. M. Chicago time (11.05 A. M. Los Angeles time), he lifted his plane from the ground with a load of gasoline so heavy that he planned to fly the first thousand miles of that 1,837-mile journey at 3,000 feet, then rise to 16,000. He would need oxygen at that altitude to keep awake and alert, and he had taken the precaution to have his oxygen system repaired. But he did not have maps for a large portion of the route, and could get none in time. He decided to go on his westward way without them.

Now everything conspired to stop him, but he would not give in. The trouble began with the necessity for bucking a forty-five-mile-an-hour gale all the way to Kansas City. He had to soar to 20,000 feet to get over it and make speed.

Now, when he really had to have oxygen, the system went out of commission again. All he could do was take great gulps of air and fight the lethargy. He ran into bad weather and was forced to fly blind with his senses deadened by the effect of the altitude.

He had no radio. It had failed to work in a test he had given it on the ground; so, to eliminate all unnecessary air resistance, he had angrily cut away the aerial wires.

At this point ice began to form on the wings of the plane.

BUT somehow or other he got to Los Angeles. He landed at 7.15.25 P. M., 8 hours 10 minutes and 25 seconds after he left Chicago. His average speed had been 225 m. p. h. westbound against the prevailing wind. He sank on a high stool at the lunch counter in the Grand Central Air Terminal and ordered dinner.

It cost him seventy-five cents and he probably collected his fifty-dollar bet; so he was $49.25 ahead, and one life. He confessed:

"I have learned more in eight hours than in the last ten years."

Inventions have been pouring forth in torrents, amazing extensions of human power and corrections of human fallibility, mechanical robots that fly a ship while the pilot walks about. Only the other day in Los Angeles, Amelia Earhart and her copilot, flying the so-called "laboratory ship" presented to her by Purdue University, found their lives endangered by a metal hatch cover that had blown open and was about to let go entirely, with an excellent chance of fouling the tail of the plane.

One of the most famous scenes in all literature is that in Victor Hugo's '93, where a cannon gets loose in the hold of a ship in a storm and threatens to crush to death every sailor who tries to fasten it before it smashes a hole through the side of the ship and sinks it.

So these two women, thousands of feet in the air, fought to capture and wire down the hatch cover before it drove them to abandon the ship and take to their parachutes. Luckily they had a robot pilot, and it kept the plane on its way while the two women won their appalling battle.

What beings we humans have made of ourselves in the last few decades since freedom of thought and invention released genius from suppression by bigotry and tyranny! What the future will be is beyond all guessing. But the sky is ours and the future is a wider sky.

Born without wings, man has made them for himself. He outclimbs the eagle, leaves the hawk behind, outplays the swallow in the air.

THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

A Glorious Mistake—Elephants at Sea—Hangovers Ahead—
and a New Week of Wandering on a Trail of Trouble

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MONDAY: Up betimes, picking a few oranges off nearby trees for our breakfast, remarking to my dear wife that California was indeed a wondrous spot.

To which she did quickly retort that at that moment she would much prefer to be picking oranges off fruit carts in little old New York.

And for no reason at all her reply did make me think of the English fruit vendor who did stand on the corner and murmur politely to passers-by, "*Definitely* fresh fruit! *Definitely* fresh fruit!"

So on our way, heading our trailer toward Los Angeles and passing through countless orange groves where I did conceive the notion of hanging square boxes around oranges when they were still half grown so that by the time they had reached their full growth they would be square in shape.

And when my dear wife did inquire what on earth was the big idea, I did reply with simple dignity that a square orange would not roll off the table.

He did stare at me in amazement and did exclaim, "There can't be two faces like that in the world!"

TUESDAY: Up early, my dear wife and I both quite excited at the prospect of seeing Hollywood in person. But when we did arrive in the city, to our great surprise people did gather around our car and stare. And when we did stop in front of a studio a man did run out crying, "Why, Mr. Fields! We've been looking all over for you!" With that he did take me by the arm and, dragging me on to a set depicting a saloon, he did say, "Now look, Mr. Fields. You rush up to this bar and you yell, 'Oh, boy, what a fight! Gimme a drink!' And you take a drink and then you repeat the act several times, and when the bartender asks you, 'What fight?' you reply, 'The fight we're going to have when I tell you I'm broke!'"

So, taking several drinks and saying, "Oh, boy, what a fight!" the bartender did ask me, "What fight?" Whereupon I did reply, "The fight we're going to have when you find out that I'm not W. C. Fields!" And when I did inform the director that my name was Dunkle and not Fields, he did stare at me in amazement and did exclaim, "There can't be *two* faces like that in the world!" So out, telling my dear wife of my experience.

WEDNESDAY: Up late. During the day, wherever we did go, people did gather around the car begging for autographs, until in desperation I did say to my wife, "Let us seek different fields!" So heading southward along the ocean front we did pass several beaches where we did see comely maidens disporting in one-piece bathing suits, and I did remark to my wife that I didn't wonder that Horace Greeley said, "Go West, young man!" Whereupon she did point to a sign, "Dangerous Curves Ahead!" and did tell me to keep my mind on my work.

So on for the rest of the day, camping for the night high up in the Palomar Mountain State Park.

THURSDAY: Up betimes, and browsing around the hills I did chance to meet an old gentleman who had not left the mountains in many years, and when he did wish to know how the Spanish-American War was progressing I did inform him that we had already won that and had fought another since with the Germans. And when he did ask, "Who won that one?" and I did tell him that we did, he did smile happily and exclaim, "By golly, that must please President McKinley!"

So on to San Diego, my dear wife saying that she wished to look up a cousin Oscar. And when I did comment that her relatives laid end to end would reach to the coast, she did inform me that this one owned a vineyard and a wine business, whereupon I did apologize and did put on full steam ahead and we did reach Oscar's hacienda at dusk.

FRIDAY: Up and with cousin Oscar did make a tour of his vineyards, and upon our return did sample his different wines, finding them excellent indeed. And I did remark to my dear wife that that was the business I should be in, to which she did reply that, on the contrary, my talent undoubtedly lay in the consumer's end.

SATURDAY: Up late. Cousin Oscar did take us out to Catalina Island, where we did sit in glass-bottom boats and look down at the sea life beneath us. But with such a hangover I did find it a shocking experience indeed and I did remark to my dear wife that that was the first time I had ever seen pink elephants swim. And she did conclude that after seeing so many varieties of queer fish she still believed that she was married to the prize one of all. So home for more wine, and upon retiring I did say to my wife, "We muscatel out of here!"

SUNDAY: Up, heavy-eyed, cousin Oscar serving us more wine for breakfast and still more for lunch, until I did remark to my wife that while I believed in the Biblical adjuration, "Drink a little wine for thy stomach's sake," there was certainly such a thing as overdoing it and that I doubted if I could ever look a grape in the face again. To which she did retort, "Grapes, nuts!"

Life's never dull for the Dunkles! In an early issue you'll see them run head on into new adventures.

WINGED FEET—

Who Will Be 1937's Fastest Humans on the Indoor Track?

Here Are Some New and Colorful Contenders for Fame

by

C. T. DONNELLY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

THE indoor track-and-field season reaches its peak with the running of the National A. A. U. championship games at Madison Square Garden, February 27. This meet will bring together veteran campaigners, Olympic champions crowned last year at Berlin, and unknowns rushing up to take the place of fading stars.

Last season's biggest thriller was the running of the famous Wanamaker Mile in the Millrose Games. Only three feet separated the winner from third place. Joe Mangan of New York placed first in 4:11, Gene Venzke of Pennsylvania second in 4:11.1, and Glenn Cunningham of Kansas third in 4:11.2. The 1937 indoor season will again find these veterans pitted against one another, but the man all three will be watching is the little music teacher from Emporia (Kansas) Teachers College, Archie San Romani.

Last October, in the Palmer Stadium, Princeton, New Jersey, Romani beat Jack Lovelock, New Zealand's 1,500-meter Olympic champion, and Glenn Cunningham, world's record holder for the mile, and was timed in 4:09, the fourth fastest mile ever run outdoors. The victory stamped him as king of the milers—the man to beat indoors.

Another interesting prospect for the indoor track season is John Woodruff, the University of Pittsburgh Negro runner. He has no style or form. He knows nothing of pace. But he has one of the most powerful strides in track annals. He knows but one thing: run to win. Proof of this is his never-to-be-forgotten race during the Olympic Games in Berlin. He won America's first 800-meter Olympic title in twenty-four years and won it the hard way.

Contrasting to John Woodruff, is Don Lash, the Indiana University distance runner. Lash is a picture runner. He has stature, style, stamina. And he is the perfect judge of pace. Yet he hasn't been a winner indoors. One of the theories is that his long stride gives him too great a bounce off the springy boards. Another is he has always trained for outdoor competition and has never been able to adjust his respiratory organs for indoor conditions.

In the two-mile event Don Lash will have to worry about the new "dual" threat coming up from North Texas Teachers College of Denton, Texas: the Rideout twins, Wayne and Blaine. Competing in the recent Sugar Bowl meet at New Orleans, Louisiana, Wayne won the two-mile race in 9:03.5, and his victory was only possible because Blaine forced a terrific early pace, wore down the leaders of that stage of the race, and then Wayne dashed through to victory. They run their races as a team.

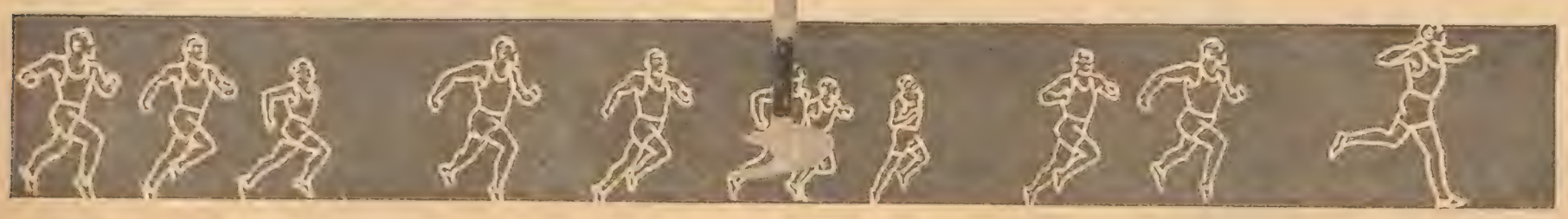
The indoor season will undoubtedly see the end of the Negro's supremacy in the sprint events. With Jesse Owens, a triple Olympic champion, turned professional; Ralph Metcalfe, the former Marquette speedster, retired; Eulace Peacock, former Temple A. A. U. champion, and Ben Johnson, the Columbia flyer, question marks because of lameness—the sprint field is left wide open for Nordic flyers to win back the sprint crown.

In the speed duels to win the vacated thrones of Jesse Owens, Robert Rodenkirchen, the German-born New Jersey high-school flash, will have to match strides with Billy Hopkins, University of Virginia; Sam Stoller, University of Michigan; Marty Glickman of Syracuse; Edgar Mason, University of Pittsburgh; and Norwood Ewell, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, schoolboy.

While the Negroes may lose the sprint crown it seems almost certain they will capture the hurdle championship. Fritz Pollard, Jr., University of North Dakota, is the man. Last year the only man to beat him was Forrest (Specs) Towns, University of Georgia, who won the 110-meter hurdle event at Berlin. This season Towns will undoubtedly be eliminated from indoor competition, due to an appendix operation. Sam Allen, Oklahoma Baptist College ace, is a threat. The outstanding contestant in the high-jump event is the long lean Cornelius Johnson of California, 1936 Olympic titleholder. Johnson will find Dave Albritton, the lanky Ohio State Negro, coholder of the record, Dave Burke, the Marquette Negro, and Walter Marty, the former record holder from California, his rivals.

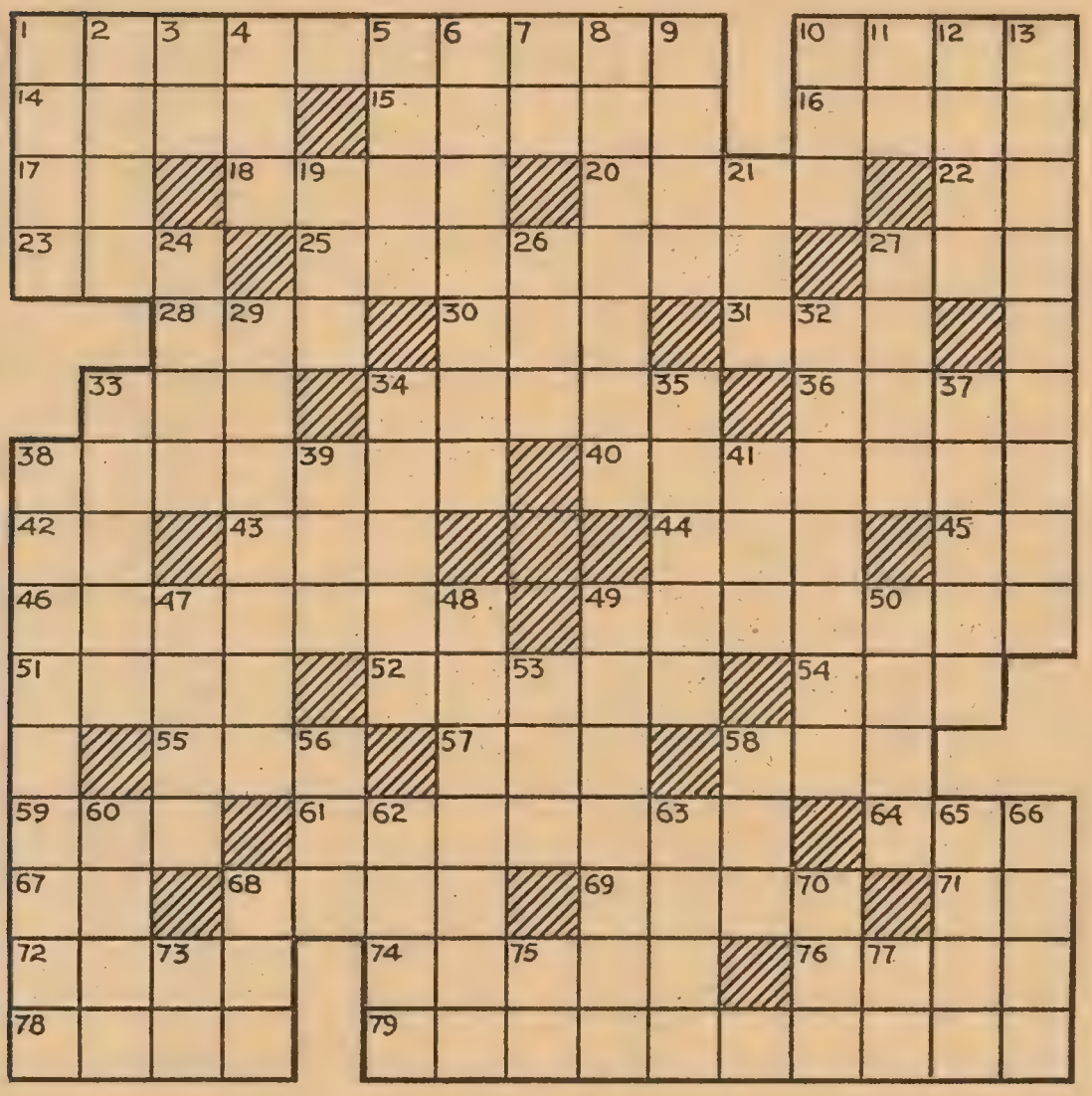
Earle Meadows, the Olympic champion, and George Varoff, the world's record holder, stand out as the tops in the vaulting contests. Bill Sefton of the University of Southern California and Bill Harding of Yale will offer stern competition. The man who wins will have to break or come within a hair's breadth of the record of 14 feet 6½ inches!

THE END



Cockeyed Crosswords

by TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 When their dogs go one way and they go the other, they get terribly upset but in time have calloused ends (two words)
10 The third man to get life
14 Drugstore cowboy yippee water
15 Gabby crick
16 This laugh's on Pagliacci
17 Where you'll rarely find popular gals
18 Peach
20 Moo dew
22 Comic time of day (abbr.)
23 Dead, but on the level just the same
25 Knock-knocks
27 A coming-out party
28 Little member of the white race—excuse it, please!
30 Infant's safety food
31 Offshoot of dictators
33 Maleman's quarters
34 This keeps needing dough
36 Weapon (feminine)
38 In the struggle between Man and the Machine, its downfall is imminent but unlikely
40 Famous lobe hanging
42 Indivisible divisible word
43 End of every gay old dog
44 First century
45 Know 1st, 2d, 3d gear? Well, this is ½ gear!
46 The age of the cave woman
49 Several applications of this will smarten up the young man about town
51 This shifts from E to N to W to S
52 Vegetable grown by floor-walkers (pl.)
54 Biggest bluff in history
55 Winter payground (abbr.)
57 What to say to get rid of a ghost writer
58 Skin
59 What's the aim of the gold diggers of '37?
61 Astaire fell out of heaven and landed in her
64 Toot juice

S	W	A	M	P		S	C	A	N	S		M	A	S	S	E
L	I	N	E	R		C	A	D	E	T		U	N	P	I	N
U	N	S	T	O	W	E	D		W	R	E	S	T	L	E	D
M	E	W		T	A	N	S		T	A	R	T		E	V	E
P	R	E	T	E	X	T				Y	E	A	R	N	E	D
		R	O	C		S	E	R	B	S		R	I	D		
C	R	E	S	T	S		L	E	O		A	D	M	I	T	S
R	E	D	S		T	R	E	M	O	R	S		E	D	E	N
A	S			R	E	V	O	K	E	S				R	A	
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T	E	E	N	S		S	L	O	T	S		E	D	G	E	D

Answer to last week's puzzle

67 Type of man Hollywood will never produce
68 Devil's gulch
69 Edible rubber hose (pl.)
71 Heinie's thou
72 Zola's cutie
74 What women use for strip acts
76 W. C. T. U. whistle wets
78 Jittery
79 Blue ribboner in the doggy social show

VERTICAL

1 Old Egypt's growing gal
2 This certainly gets to the point!
3 The end of a biped
4 Frivolous gal
5 How does Roosevelt run the country?
6 Hat rack for a jazz player
7 End of Cleo
8 When matrimony sets in this sets out
9 This keeps man and woman together
10 The S. S. Two-by-two
11 Head a sect with this and cut things in two
12 To get one on there's no place like hone
13 Solidified skunk
19 A Red with reservations
21 Order for a G-man
24 The season's smartest man
26 Johnny's excuse for eating dinner
27 This makes three for der Chermans
29 An inexhaustible fount of words—nobody's ever been able to count the words in it
32 This is terribly wasteful
33 Drawing five of a kind, he cried, "Oh, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby!"
34 Not being known for it, Gracie Allen says that it's the science of lumberjacking
35 Thickheads are safe when it thises
37 Flighty dame—yet what a goodie-goodie!
38 The Forgotten Boy (two names)
39 He's famous for his pipes and is quite a reeder
41 France hasn't had one for years
47 This will satisfy the inner man
48 He'll go to heel when he breathes his last, poor sole!
49 Trumpeters by night
50 A walkover in the American home
53 Finberries
56 The farstest thing in Hengland
58 What they measure the spirit of progress by (abbr.)
60 Kind of work done by palookas' dogs
62 Rahshn princess
63 Tryout
65 National nutwork product
66 What a rolling dollar doesn't gather
68 Eohippic spinach
70 Kangaroo's baby carriage
73 A bum sign (abbr.)
75 The lazy thing!
77 He mends leaky valves, does general repair work on the body, tightens loose nuts (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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WISE VIRGIN

THE night she is introduced to Washington society Serena Runcival becomes engaged to Roger Loring. Whereupon her mother, Lady Runcival, a cold and clever divorcee, informs Serena that Loring has been her own lover!

Immediately the girl takes action. She leaves home, takes a waitress job in Arizona, and earns a skimpy living. Followed by Loring, she gives him no satisfaction, and returns East, going to live with "Aunt" Sally Romeyn in New York. Serena begins a novel and under the encouragement of Ronnie Seldon, a publisher's reader, finishes it. Literary hopes fade when it flops. The girl gets down to brass tacks.

Behind the ladies' stockings counter in Wolfe's big department store is her next try, but she is fired by Mr. Wolfe himself for insulting a good but insufferable customer. The amusing part of this is that Mr. Wolfe is an ardent admirer of Lady Runcival and is reported engaged to her!

Serena applies to the manager of the Cabins, Incorporated, a chain of restaurants, and is taken on as waitress. Here she encounters a regular but unconventional patron whom she calls the man-with-the-magazine. The job doesn't last long. She is the victim of a seasonal layoff.

To comfort her in her hard luck, Aunt Sally lends Serena money for a secretarial course. Not long after, the old lady dies suddenly. Searching the Wanted—Female columns of a newspaper, Serena's eye lights on a most peculiar advertisement. She answers it in person and is led into an office occupied by the man-with-the-magazine, who is a partner in the law firm of Wadsworth and James. It appears that he—the odd Pliny James—inserted that ad just to locate her!

Astonished, she is given the position, and Pliny and she enter a fantastic but friendly relationship. He invites her to a picnic for two and makes love to her. She is strangely moved and unmoved at the same time. On the way back to town she reads of Roger Loring's engagement to a cabinet member's daughter. Impulsively she turns to Pliny and invites him to stop off at her flat and make love to her some more.

"I want another chance," she coaxes.

A Grasp at Love; a Dismaying Surprise . . . A Vital, Stirring Novel Approaches Its Climax

by

WALTON GREEN

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 34 SECONDS

PART TEN—THE DANGEROUS MALE

NO woman cherishes her virtue as highly as men want her to.

Men glorify female chastity as a symbol; because they are creatures of vanity who like to bask in the thought that they are not only the first to take a woman but the last that that woman should want. Man's sexual impulse is to take colossally; woman's, to give magnificently, and in the giving, her virtue is often a minor consideration.

Woman has connived at man's chastity propaganda because it marches with her main want, which is male love and protection. Aunt Sally was right: no woman is any better than the man she loves wants her to be.

And, furthermore, and in the same measure that man demands chastity, so is he enraged when it is cheaply spent. A woman—be she good or bad—knows that the keenest hurt she can give the man who loves her is to hurt herself. And the deepest hurt of all is to be profligate of that virtue upon which he sets such store.

Many a woman has essayed the path of promiscuity for no better reason.

Serena and Pliny were sitting on the couch in her aunt's flat. She was lying quietly against his shoulder. He had been kissing her. She was thinking of the other times she had been kissed: Of the man with the waxed mustache; of Ronnie Seldon; of herself and Roger. Curiously—since this afternoon—she could think of Roger without the old pain. The finality of his loving another woman had killed her subconscious hope that somehow, sometime, he would be able to justify himself. That was ended. She was numb and utterly indifferent to what became of her. Indifferent, almost, to her own feelings.

She liked this man so much. He was so real, so tangible. If she became his mistress, what of it? What price to her? Only, she

"See, Pliny, that ladder is outside my stateroom. Late tonight you might climb down."

ILLUSTRATION BY EDGAR McGRAW

prayed that Roger—and her mother too—would know of it, and know why.

She stirred uneasily.

"I wish—I could feel it more. I'm very tired, I think. I'm afraid—it's not much better than this afternoon."

Pliny pulled his arm from beneath her head.

"I'm damned if I want to kiss a woman who keeps a fever thermometer under her tongue!" he cried testily. "Can't you forget your infernal symptoms for a minute? If you don't like it, say so—and I'll stop."

"I do like it. I like it very much. But I want to like it very much more—so much more that it will feel decent."

"Decent?" he demanded roughly. "What's decency got to do with it? I'm not in love with you, and you're not in love with me. Feel any way you want. Only stop feeling your pulse."

HE stood up and strode restlessly about the room.

"As soon as you stop—touching me, I want you to again," said Serena in a low voice.

He swung on her sharply. His sleepy insolence had fallen away. He was the male animal, thwarted and angry and dangerous.

"I'm going away from here now," he said harshly. "But before I go—"

Deliberately he dropped on one knee to the couch. With his left arm he encircled her shoulders, drawing her to him and pinioning back her elbows, so that she could not move. His mouth fell on hers. His free hand was deliberate and inexorable.

Serena stiffened and moaned at the suddenness of the attack. Shocked into panic, she struggled to wrench herself free.

And then, just short of final indignity to an unwilling woman, he stopped.

"How do you like that?" he rasped, and stood up. "Now feel your pulse—and be damned to you!"

Serena lay as he had dropped her. Her eyes were dilated. She was breathing in gasps.

"How do you like it?" he repeated more quietly. He was trying to roll a cigarette with shaking hands.

"I don't know," she said truthfully. "I've never had a man do a tenth of what you have just done to me. I suppose—"

"You never—what?" he demanded incredulously. He stared at her, frowning. Something in her eyes—so straight and unafraid, convinced him.

"Serena," he said slowly, and his own eyes, usually so insolent, were full of strange concern, "are you trying to tell me that you're a virgin?"

"Why, yes," answered Serena simply. "What's that got to do with it?"

He walked over to the window and stood. When he turned and came back he had himself in hand. He sat down on the couch and lifted one of her hands and kissed it, and then laid it gently on her outstretched thigh.

"Nothing, of course," he said, and the mocking had crept back into his voice. "Except that I'm not in the business of debauching virgins. And didn't you tell me a long time ago that the girl in your book was actually an autobiography of you?"

"Why, yes."

"Well—your heroine wasn't a virgin, was she?"

"Of course not," agreed Serena calmly. "I just put that in to make the book sell."

Pliny nodded wearily and gazed abruptly at the supper tray. The bottle of champagne was still unopened, for Serena had not wanted it after all.

"Serena, I feel that you have been guilty of what is termed 'unfair and misleading advertising.' I also feel that I shall get drunk tonight and I shall stay drunk for some time. With your permission I propose to begin now."

He twisted the cork from the bottle and poured himself a large tumblerful.

"Will you join me?" The old irony and disdain were in his tone again.

"No. And why must you get drunk?"

"Because I wish to." He was watching her face and trying to think back over many of the things she had said and done.

"Serena," he asked quietly, "that story in the paper this evening—that you stopped in the middle of. Were you in love with that man?"

"Yes," said Serena listlessly.

"So—you were trying to drown your sorrow by seducing yourself, were you? With a man you don't love. Is that it?"

"I suppose so," said Serena with slow reluctance. "You see, I like you awfully—and you seemed to want to—so much."

"Using *me* to ruin yourself!" he exploded. "To satisfy your helot impulse of self-destruction. Damn your infernal nerve! And did it ever occur to you how I might feel about it?"

Serena's mood of morbid self-sacrifice was being rapidly deflated.

Pliny was pouring himself another tumbler of champagne. And he was biting his lip again in moody abstraction.

"I *WISH* you'd stop chewing your face. And why do you have to guzzle that stuff?" she demanded fretfully. "Can't you drink like a gentleman?"

"I don't care to drink like a gentleman. When I drink, I drink to get drunk."

"Do you do it often?" Serena's tone was a blend of curiosity and anxiety.

"Three or four times a year. When I have no other excitement."

Serena considered this somberly.

"But you never did—in the office," she expostulated. "You just drank ale."

"Didn't need to. You were excitement enough. Now that's finished. Liquor instead of love," he explained calmly.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Serena wrathfully. "So I've been just a sort of Keeley cure, have I? *Now* who's using whom?"

Pliny drained his glass and set it down softly. He rolled himself a cigarette. This time his hand was quite steady. And his voice, when he spoke, had regained its casual irony.

"I expect we've been using each other," he said quietly. "Serena, we're a pair of damned fools. And I'm old enough to know better. Aye, that's the curse of it—knowing the better way and taking the worse."

"Must you take the worse?"

"On alcohol, you mean? Who knows? But don't worry, my dear. I never smash things up or make scenes, if that's what you're afraid of. I hold my liquor. Far too well for my own good."

Serena made no answer. Presently she reached out her hand and laid it on his and left it there. She felt—suddenly—very much older than he. He was so queer. So dominating one instant, so helpless the next. She thought of Roger. Roger was always dominating. Always strong and high-minded and controlled. Roger would no more do to her the kind of things— She trembled slightly but kept her hand on Pliny's. She heard some noise, a ringing, but it was some time before it penetrated her consciousness that it was the telephone.

"If you don't answer it, I will," Pliny was saying.

SERENA jumped up and crossed to her desk. She lifted the receiver. Washington was calling. It was her mother. She listened awhile. Then she broke in:

"But I can't possibly come. I'm working, you know." As a matter of fact she didn't know whether she was working or not, but she thought it sounded well. Her mother was still talking. "I know, mama, but I can't possibly. It sounds grand, and I always love those river trips," her voice trailed off and finally she hung up. She came back to the couch.

"Roll me a cigarette, Pliny," she commanded. "It was my mother. She's staging one of her crazy parties. She's chartered a river steamer to go down the Potomac and around the cape to Baltimore: two nights and two days. Twenty or thirty people."

"I thought you told me she was practically broke."

"Mama's never too broke to do what she wants. You know, she's going to marry again; perhaps she's got some money out of her fiancé beforehand."

"Just like the dear old girl!" agreed Pliny with elaborate irony. It was lost on Serena.

"I *wonder* what she wants to see me about. She particularly said she wanted to talk to me."

"Probably wants to split the swag with you," suggested Pliny, infinitely bored. He was just finishing the quart bottle of champagne. Serena frowned. Then she laughed—her deep slow laugh—and sprang to her feet.

"What's up?" he demanded.

She was already at the telephone.

"I'm going to call mama back and tell her I'm coming after all." Then she added decisively, "And that I'm bringing a man with me."

It was his turn to frown. He didn't say anything while she was putting through the call.

When she came back from the telephone he stood up and retrieved his hat and coat.

"Do you want to spend the night on the couch?" she asked doubtfully. "I don't suppose it matters—"

"And be seen by the janitor in the morning?" he demanded huffily. "You might at least think of appearances—if you don't of anything else."

"Pooh!" said Serena. She was vaguely elated again.

"What time have you got to be there tomorrow?"

"Eleven in the morning the boat leaves."

"That's twelve by our time. Washington stays on standard, you know. Well, we'd better fly over."

"Oh, that would be fun!"

"I hate it," he returned gloomily. "I'm scared to death in the air. Well, I'll go to the club and order tickets. I'll telephone you."

He was pulling on his light driving coat. She went to the door with him.

"Pliny," she said slowly, "will you promise me not to drink any more tonight?"

"I will not. I never promise anybody anything."

"Oh," said Serena, and was silent. "Oh," she said again, and then:

"Pliny—will you kiss me—once? Just nicely I mean."

"I will not kiss you—nicely or otherwise," he said roughly and was gone.

. . . . . .

Serena and Pliny James arrived at the river boat barely

on time after all. There were twenty-five or thirty people on board. Most of them Serena knew. They were of all ages and conditions and nationalities—one of Isabella's impromptu affairs that Washington had come to call a "Bella McKeever social salad." Isabella had a talent for mixing apparently incongruous people and making them like it.

It was a rather small river steamer, scarcely more than a hundred feet over all. Isabella had not chartered it—she had merely bought up all the tickets and all the staterooms for the entire trip. The boat would still make all its fifteen stops in Virginia and on the Potomac and Chesapeake shores of the cape, picking up and dropping freight and livestock and tobacco and garden truck.

To Serena's surprise, her mother was the only one of the party who was really late. She kept the boat nearly half an hour. When she finally hurried up the gangplank there was a man with her. Serena recognized him at once as Mr. Wolfe.

"Hello, everybody!" Isabella called. "I hope you've all found your staterooms. I gave the purser the list of assignments. Oh, by the way, this is Mr. Ernest Wolfe of New York." And then, almost as an afterthought, "And I'm Mrs. Ernest Wolfe."

There was much crowding around and exclaiming. Wolfe appeared charmingly and courteously at his ease. But in this smartly assured crowd of the careless upper crust he did not belong. Nor would he ever.

That was as obvious to Serena as was his innate superiority to the whole kit and caboodle of them.

Serena went to her stateroom to settle herself in. It had a real bed and a small bathroom—one of the boat's two "soots de lucks," the purser informed her. Her mother had the other—for more cogent reasons.

Late in the afternoon Serena was sitting by herself on the after part of the boat deck. Pliny James had disappeared directly after luncheon. She had seen him hobnobbing with the chief engineer. Probably by now he was down in the engine room—or drinking whisky in the chief's stateroom.

OCCASIONALLY Serena's thoughts—though she tried to keep them away—would turn to Washington and to Roger Loring. Then her heart would flop with a queer heavy flop. But for the most part when she was thinking at all it was about herself—and Pliny James. She could not decide on just what impulse it was that she had made him come with her. She could not account to herself for her own veerings from hot to cold. Last night at one moment she had been on the point of losing her head. But wasn't that—she truthfully reminded herself—precisely what she had wanted to do? Oh, dear, it was all so mixed! Mixing of pain and pleasure; of want and not want; of good and bad; of depression and elation. Pliny's drinking, curiously enough, drew her instead of repelling her. Drew her to him with a sort of cold anxiety.

For her own share in yesterday she had no feeling of shame—nor of regret: just an amused and detached recognition that she had been put in her place by a decenter man than she was a woman. Then why had she brought him along? To keep him from going off on a real spree, she supposed.

"The engineer gets a hundred and eighty-five a month," said Pliny's voice behind her. "He has a cultivated taste in Bourbon, though *I* prefer Scotch."

"Are you drunk?" asked Serena.

"No."

"Didn't mama stock this boat with enough good liquor without your drinking in the pantry, so to speak, with the butler?"

"The engineer's whisky is fully as good as your mother's," said Pliny, "and his talk is far better than your mother's crowd."

"Then why did you come along?"

"To be with you," he returned cheerfully.

"One time," said Serena slowly—"one time when I asked you a question like that you said 'to make love to you.' Do you remember?"

Instantly she felt herself reddening. Why—oh, why did she say such things? But he upset her so with his queer intensely intimate sort of nearness, even when he was just joking. Serena stood up and leaned on the rail.

She noticed something white fluttering in the breeze just a few feet below her. An outboard ladder, used by the crew, ran from the boat deck to the cargo deck. The white things were a pair of Serena's wash gloves, which she had tied to the ladder outside her stateroom window.

"Make me a cigarette, Pliny."

He gave her the cigarette and stood beside her gloomily, smoking. He was not touching her. That made it more exciting.

"See, Pliny—that ladder?" she heard herself saying in a voice she did not know. "That ladder is outside my stateroom. If you're on deck—very late—tonight—you might climb down from here—and—just talk to me."

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SERENA felt him suddenly stiffen. She turned and looked full at him. There was pain in his eyes for an instant. Then he laughed.

"Not a chance! What's more, Serena, I don't think you really mean it. It's just words—with you."

"I wonder," said Serena softly. "When you talk, you make me feel—oh—everything again."

They both turned at a voice behind them. It was Isabella.

"Oh, there you are, my dear. I've been looking all over for you. Oh, don't go, Mr. James."

"I've a date with the engineer," said Pliny hurriedly. "He comes off watch at six bells."

Isabella's eyes followed his lean figure.

"I don't think I like that man, Serena. Does he drink?"

"Yes. Sometimes."

"Umph. Are you going to marry him? Are you having an affair with him?"

"Neither, mama," said Serena wearily.

"Well, what I wanted to tell you was this: I can give you an allowance again, but I still wish you would marry as soon as possible. And one thing more—something I've had on my mind for some time. Now that I've married again, I feel rather differently about a certain young man. Roger Loring, to be exact."

Serena felt the old nausea.

"I behaved rather badly. Unfairly to you, in fact. But at that time I wished to keep him devoted to me, you understand. I did not wish you to marry him. But Roger was never my lover, or anybody else's, so far as I know."

Within Serena there rushed so mighty a surge of pride and joy—and sorrow, that her knees weakened under her. She half turned, reached her chair, and sat down.

"I thought you'd like to know," her mother went on in the offhand voice she would have given a grocery order. Serena steadied.

"Who is this girl he is to marry?" she asked calmly.

"Martha Ballard? Pretty little thing. Lots of money. But that's off again. She threw him over—I just heard—when it got around that he was going to lose his job. He's out of the Brain Trust. But it's not public yet. They're holding it up while he's in the hospital."

"Hospital? What hospital?"

"Walter Reed, I think. I don't know what's the matter with him. Typhoid, I think. They say he's quite ill. Hadn't you heard?"

"How should I have heard? I—mama—I must go down to my stateroom."

What do you think Serena will do in her overwhelming distress? Has all her old love for Roger Loring flooded back into her bewildered heart? Or has Pliny James won it? The final installment of this gripping story carries you to new heights in the next issue of Liberty.

UNDERWORLD NIGHTS

A Chronicle of Things the Headlines Don't Tell—New, Tragic Secrets of the Ways of Crime in Our Cities

by

EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I MET Zoe in Kansas City," Cokey Flo said, "when I was working with two dicemen. She teamed up with us. She wasn't beautiful, but she had a personality." Flo went on to tell me the story. Zoe roped in many a rich sucker for the mob. And then she fell in love. She came home drunk and singing—which was unusual.

"I've met the nicest man!" she said. "And I've got a date with him for tomorrow!"

Having nothing to do that evening, she had gone to a small and exclusive speakeasy for her dinner. At a near-by table she had noticed three men and a woman. They were having a gay time, and one of the men kept looking at her and smiling, and finally the waiter whispered, "Madame, the gentleman at the next table would like me to serve you whatever you'd like to drink."

"Wine," she said, and when he had filled her glass she raised it and smiled at the gentleman. He raised his. They laughed together, and he came over and invited her to join his party. "I'm Danny Moore," he said.

She met him the next day, and every day after that. He was a cardsharp, and one of the cleverest of dicemen. He and she teamed up; until then he had always been a lone wolf. Back in New York, she'd rent a small apartment on Park Avenue. He'd pose as the chauffeur of her expensive limousine. He'd keep it in a garage where wealthy people kept theirs, and he'd shoot craps with their chauffeurs. Sometimes he'd lose—but never around the first of the month. That was payday for most of them.

Meantime Zoe would bring rich suckers into her flat. And Danny, no longer a chauffeur, would trim them. The bank roll grew and grew. When at last he was suspected of cheating, the two took the next train out of New York. Eventually they drifted to Kansas City.

They took a little apartment there and enjoyed life, not working any racket. One night Danny didn't come home. Zoe didn't worry much at first, but on the third day she learned that he had been kidnaped. The shakedown mob sent two men to her: "Thirty Gs on the line," or she would never see her man again. She said she and Danny didn't have thirty grand. They came down to $25,000.

"All right," she said. "But I don't pay a nickel till I've seen him and know he's O. K. The minute I've seen him, drive me home here and get your money—all cash."

The next night three men came and drove her outside the city to a farmhouse. Danny was there, guarded by a fourth man with a .45. The three drove her home and sat in the living room while she went to her bedroom to get the money. She suddenly reappeared with a gun.

"Reach, you buzzards," she said, "and be quick about it." The three reached. "Now, then, you with the wart on your nose, you go bring Danny back. Get him, and get the guy with the big gat. Bring them here in the car. When you get outside here, blow your horn four times, then blow a long one and a short one. Put Danny on the sidewalk, and scram. Your friends will join you later. If you don't do exactly as I say, they'll join you as ghosts. Get going. I'll give you an hour."

Fifty anxious minutes later she heard the horn signal, and made her two prisoners step into a clothes closet. She locked the door on them. Yes; there was Danny standing on the sidewalk. She called to him, in a pig-Latin they had made up, to get his car. When they were driving out of town she stopped and phoned the man with the wart where his pals could be found.

In Chicago Danny heard of a gambling proposition in Pittsburgh that would treble his money. For a very stiff price, he could have half of a boat operating on the river. He and Zoe put up the money. He spent more on decorations, made the boat over, and opened with a bang.

The place ran two days before the police descended.

"Something went wrong with the fix," Danny's partners told him. "We'll have to lay low for a while." But Danny was too nearly broke to lay low. He and Zoe went out looking for suckers, and ran into an old friend.

"Don't tell me you're the suckers that were clipped on the gambling boat," this friend said. "Why, you even

got rooked on what you spent for protection. Not a cent was paid to the cops. Your partners got it all."

Danny found his partners in a speakeasy, and pulled a gun. For a few minutes it seemed that everybody was shooting. Zoe ran out and waited in her car. Danny came running out. He was the only one hurt. He'd lost three fingers of his right hand and had a bullet through his leg.

"I got a doctor for him," Zoe told Flo, "and then I told him I was tired of the racket. I was nearly forty and he was fifty. It was time to quit. So we quit."

They live in a little house near Duluth now. Danny runs a cigar store and a lunch counter. They're not making much money, but they're content.

Mildred told me about X, a lawyer. "His father," she said, "was one of the most prominent lawyers in New York—in the entire East. He was counsel for many big corporations, and was training his son to take his place. He was proud of his spotless record—and it *was* spotless; he'd never take a shady case. A great guy. A nice old guy. And his son was just like him, for a time."

But the son, it seemed, was entrusted with the affairs of a youthful millionaire, and it was part of his duties to accompany him to the high spots and protect him from himself. At a night-club party the lawyer met a girl. She was attractive; could be charming. She asked him to manage properties she had, look after her income, invest money for her. He agreed gladly. It was business.

At first she would call at his office. Soon he was calling on her at all hours. When she felt sure of him, she told him friends of hers were in jail on a charge of stealing silk, and he must help them.

Cokey Flo and Mildred Harris are the women from the underworld who clinched Prosecutor Dewey's case against Luciano, the vice czar. Further glimpses through their eyes into the depths they have now left will be given in an early issue of Liberty.

He said he couldn't do it, and wouldn't.

"All right," she said. "Then you and I are through."

That was different. He took the case and won it. His clients paid him off in silk stockings. He was going to refuse such a fee; they had been stolen and he knew it.

"You'll take them and you'll give them to me," the girl said. "I can always use them."

He took the stolen stockings—and now the gang had something on him; now he must continue defending crooks. Even at that, he might still have got away from the underworld. But the girl kept him broke and helpless.

"Oh, no," she said at last. "You're not quitting me. Never. I'll tell you what you are going to do, though. You're going to leave your wife and your kids, your friends, your father, your home, and your job."

It was too much for him. "I've been a damned fool," he said. "But you've set me free with that little speech."

The girl smiled and went to his father's office. The old man received her politely. She told him the whole story, sparing him no details. He made no response; he didn't seem to hear her. Finally she jumped up in anger and shook him. He toppled off his chair, dead. Her first few revelations had stopped his heart.

She was frightened, but she went straight to his son's wife and told her exactly what she had told the old man.

Some days later her body was found in the bushes beside a boulevard. She'd been strangled. He was suspected, but the police had no evidence to prove him guilty.

He is divorced today and bankrupt. He's seedy. He's dull. He hangs around the courts and cadges dimes. Until he dies he'll never be anything but a bum.

"*Love!*" said Cokey Flo, and was reminded of Estelle, who "was a fool, but couldn't help that." Estelle had come to New York to get a job. She was starving when an East Side hoodlum picked her up. He bought her a meal, got her a room, gave her clothes, made love to her, and made her a drug addict. She gave him all the money she made, and he gave her some back for expenses—and drugs. He was managing three gambling houses on the lower East Side. The combination that ran them paid him a salary.

One of these houses was "knocked off" by stick-up men one night when he and Estelle were together. It looked to the combination as if he had been in on it.

"I've got to lam," he told Estelle. "You go to them. Tell them where I was when the place was knocked off."

She went to them—then waited for her man to come home. She sent him money. He was in a Catskill resort. He didn't want to hurry back. It would be some time before the combination had checked up on his innocence.

Every week for months Estelle sent him money. When she stopped, he came to New York secretly and found there was another man. He stuck a knife in the man's heart, slashed her across the face, and then went back.

She suddenly appeared with a gun. "Reach, you buzzards," she said, "and be quick about it." The three reached.

ILLUSTRATION BY JAY McARDLE

Estelle would tell the police nothing. Eventually he came back, exonerated, and was given the job of managing most of the East Side gambling games. As time went on he grew rich. But she continued to walk the streets and give up every penny to him. If you'd told her she was ill-treated, she'd have thought you were crazy. Her man was good to her, wasn't he? He seldom reproached her for her unfaithfulness.

Only when she realized he was becoming less attentive to her did she give any thought to her own situation. Then she grew panicky and sought a girl friend's advice.

"Don't be a ninny," the girl said. "He's got another sweetie. He spends his money on her—and yours, too. He was with her in the Catskills when he was on the lam. You're getting old, kid. She's young."

Estelle didn't believe it, but she shadowed him. He told her he had to go to Chicago. She saw him meet a girl, followed them on to a train. Late that night she let herself into his little Catskill cottage. She killed the girl first, and then the man. She took a bus back to the city. No one ever suspected her.

THE END

GOOD OLD JACK

A Hollywood Masquerade

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

JACK HALCOMBE, a young Hollywood film producer, has gone bust. Checks have been bouncing. He faces the clink. As a last defiant gesture he throws a party at his home. Gloria Brown, a movie star he's nuts about, is a guest. When Gloria learns he's broke, she slaps him, leaves him, and goes back into the house to tell the other guests the party's over.

Moping in his garden, Jack discovers Wynne Leroy there. Wynne is an extra girl in the movies. He tells her his troubles, she sympathizes, and they do a skip out of the garden together when they hear cops' loud voices. Wynne takes him with her to the tiny apartment she shares with Frances Martin, another movie extra.

The girls get an idea: Jack, who speaks Spanish, is to stay with them till he grows a beard; then he's to step out of their place as Don José Castille, a Spanish actor looking for a job. Jack follows this plan. Transformed, he takes a screen test —Wynne had arranged it—for the part of a young Spanish grandee. He makes the grade. Tom Hartz, a forgiving cameraman whom Jack had once fired, recognizes him but tells him no one else will.

Celebrating Jack's success, Hartz gives a party at the Trocadero for him and the two girls. Unexpectedly Gloria Brown sweeps in. To the girls' disgust, Jack dances with her, confesses who he is, and tells her about Wynne and Frances. Gloria is jealous. She offers him a big part in a picture with her. He and Hartz get jingled and spend the night in Gloria's guesthouse.

They wake up with hang-overs, forget Gloria's offer, and realize only that they'll be late at the studio where Jack passed his screen test. In frantic haste they dress and climb into Hartz's car at the precise moment when Gloria drifts casually around the corner of the guesthouse.

PART FIVE—A KISS, A SLAP, AND A JOB

THE frantic haste stopped right there. Obviously, they couldn't just drive off without speaking. Gloria smiled and, coming close, rested her elbows on the side of the car. "And where are you off to in such a sweat?"

"We've got to get to the studio," said Jack. "We've got to get there right away. We're late, and Wynne and Frances wouldn't ever forgive me if I muffed this job."

"Oh," said Gloria. She didn't care for this at all. She had felt certain last night that she'd succeeded in lashing Jack to her chariot wheel. She gave him one of those looks that made Wynne and Frances and other people who were not her friends refer to her as Cat's-eye. "Jack," she said slowly, "you're in a position where I can fix you right—one way or another. Little Gloria doesn't like men who two-time her. She does things to them—and they don't get over it in a hurry."

"But, Gloria, they're—they're my friends!" Jack was beginning to feel desperate. The fact that he knew Hartz was laughing at him didn't help any.

"But—my foot!" said the dignified Miss Brown. Then, as Jack quailed under the lashing, she said many other things that were to echo and echo in his brain. It got so bad that Hartz, tough citizen though he was, found himself embarrassed and did what a tough citizen would naturally do under the circumstances. He simply drove off, very nearly spilling Gloria into her own driveway as he did so.

"Oh, my!" said Jack as they turned into the highway. "I guess we shouldn't have done that."

"What the hell!" said Hartz. "Good for her. Make her eat out of your hand."

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

It went along well enough until the wife of his former star director came in, and he kissed her hand and said, "Hi, babe—and were you crocked at my party!"

Now Destiny Holds Its Breath as a Masterpiece of Fun Plunges into Its Merriest, Maddest Adventure

by ERIC HATCH

Jack didn't think so. He wasn't a coward, but he was intelligent enough to realize that an angry woman is a very dangerous type of wild animal, and he was pretty sure Gloria was more than angry. As they neared the studio he grew more and more worried and depressed.

They got as far as the studio gate. As they approached it the chain across it was drawn taut. The gateman, a hard disillusioned man, stood behind the chain, slowly shaking his head.

"Open up!" yelled Hartz. "We work here."

The gateman continued to shake his head. There was a faint trace of sadness in the shaking now, but it was a stale sort of sadness—as though he had faced this problem many times before. "No," he said. "You did work here. Now you don't work here."

"Oh, I say!" said Jack.

"Can I help it?" said the gateman. "No."

"Have they started shooting?" snapped Hartz.

"Yes and no," said the gateman, testing a couple of links in the chain that, with his uniform, made him an important person. Jack thought of the snappy salutes these vital cogs in the industry used to give him as recently as three weeks ago, when he'd roll up in his Rolls and pass through all these gates without dreaming of stopping for the chain to be dropped. It dropped for him almost automatically in those days. It seemed queer to him not even to be allowed in a studio.

He thought of saying, "But, damn it, man, I'm John Halcombe!" Then he realized that it wouldn't do the least bit of good, because John Halcombe even more than Don José was on the outside looking in. Don José stood a chance. John Halcombe was finished. He caught Tom's eye and shrugged. Hartz addressed the gateman: "You've got a telephone there. You just call somebody and ask if we're not to be let in!"

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The gateman stepped over his chain and came close to the car. It was as though he had things to say that he felt, in the kindness of his hardened heart, shouldn't be shouted. When he was within whispering distance of Hartz, he whispered so loudly that every one within thirty feet of the gate could hear.

"They told me," he said, "never to let Thomas Hartz or Don José Castille in here ever again so long as I lived, and they didn't mean maybe."

"Oh," said Hartz, "that's different."

"It looks to me," said Jack, "as though we might have lost our jobs."

"Positively," said Hartz.

"No loitering, now," said the gateman. "No loitering around the gate."

"Don't rub it in," said Jack.

"Let's go," said Hartz. He backed up angrily and headed in the general direction of Hollywood.

"Let's go where?" asked Jack.

"My place. At least we can get a drink there. I find that I need one."

Hartz had an apartment not far from Wynne and Frances's. It was smaller, though, and less like a home, and it smelled of shaving soap and stale cigarettes and old drinks. Jack didn't like it. It depressed him and made him feel sordid. But he thought a drink would probably be good for him, so he let Hartz mix him a stiffish highball and sat down on a hard chair to sip it. Presently Hartz, slightly revived after four quick shots of brandy, said, "Well, ex-producer of artistic pictures, what now?"

"I don't know," said Jack. "What are you going to do?"

"Me? Oh, I'll just lay low for a couple of months until the great American industry forgets about my little lapse. No use looking for another job till then; not while I'm on the black list. What'll you do—haunt the studios?"

"I can't afford to," said Jack.

"YOU'D better haunt little Gloria. She'll buy you a diamond-studded collar and a plaid leash and give you plenty to eat."

"I couldn't do that," said Jack.

"Why not? Thought you were in love with her. What could be nicer?"

"No," said Jack. "Besides, I'm not in love with her. I just thought I was last night, because I was tight."

"She's that sort of woman," said Hartz. "Glamour girls are always like that. Something to do with refractions and what happens to the nerves of the eyes. They're fierce, mornings."

"I never saw one mornings. I don't want to. I want to see Wynne and Frances."

Hartz laughed. "Oh," he said, "they're worse than glamour girls. When that kind get mad they stay mad."

"Were they mad last night?"

"Don't you remember?"

Jack shook his head. Hartz laughed and had another brandy. "Neither do I," he said; "but having photographed innumerable women and so having come to know this and that of their foibles and vanities, I'd be willing to bet large sums of gold that they not only were mad but are mad and will be mad for some little time. Have another drink?"

Jack shook his head again and got up.

"No, thanks," he said. "I'm going to walk down to their apartment, and they wouldn't like it if I was tight again."

"I have a friend," said Hartz, "who used to be in the police department. He has a bulletproof vest. Shall I call him?"

"You don't understand," said Jack. "'By." As he went out he heard Hartz laughing. He stopped for a minute outside the door to light a cigarette, and thought he heard Hartz say, "So he thought I couldn't take artistic enough pictures, eh? And where is he now!" And then more laughter.

IT puzzled Jack, because the tone of Hartz's voice hadn't been at all like the tone of it as he'd known it, for instance, the afternoon before at the Seven Seas, when they'd started being such bosom pals. His voice had sounded as though he disliked Jack intensely, and he couldn't understand it. But, on the other hand, he wasn't sure that he liked Hartz, with his cynicism and his sordid apartment that smelt like last winter's hang-over. He thought for a second of going back and telling him so; but Don José was not the hot-tempered type of Latin who did that sort of thing. Instead, he went on down to the street and plodded slowly in the direction of Wynne's apartment.

. . . . .

Jack Halcombe, as he walked toward the small backwater street he'd come to feel was home, did quite a lot of thinking—for him an astonishing amount, because his thinking equipment, never exactly streamlined, was definitely on the piebald side this morning. Out of this tousled thinking came one or two pretty sensible thoughts. One was a sort of clouded realizing that Wynne Leroy was, in a vague sort of way, the most important thing in the world to him, and the other was that he had definitely sold her out. And then there was a third thought that was so disturbing, it made him talk out loud to himself as he walked along. It was the staggering realization that Wynne, being the sort of person she was, couldn't possibly have any use for him.

"Somebody's always taken care of me!" He kicked at a paper bag lying on the sidewalk. "First mother, then father, now Wynne, and, when she's working, Frances. The hell with that!" He snapped his lighted cigarette into the branches of a tree and hoped the tree would catch fire. "So she'd buy me a collar and leash, eh? That's what Hartz wanted!" He shrugged forlornly.

The shrug was totally lost because none of the passers-by in cars or afoot on Franklin Avenue realized—

or cared, for that matter—just what a forlorn shrug it was, and most certainly none of them thought of the tremendous amount of human drama that might or might not lie behind a sort of funny-looking foreigner shrugging away in the sunshine.

"I can't let them get me another job. Got to get one for myself. Got to wear the pants. Too many people taken care of me too long."

Presently he came to the little street, and strode up it with quite a determined air. The determined air stayed with him until he saw Wynne coming down the street toward him. Then it gave way to a sort of childlike fright. For all her small size, there was something about Wynne's attitude when she met him that would have made far mightier men than he quail. Before he could do more than lift his hat she said, "Don't speak to me, Jack Halcombe. Why aren't you at the studio?"

For a second he tried to think of some way of ducking the issue; then he saw the complete futility of such a course. "They fired me," he said. "We overslept."

"*We?*" said Wynne.

"Tom Hartz and I. When we got to the studio, they wouldn't even let us in."

"You look awful," said Wynne.

"I feel awful," said Jack. "Wynne, I'm so sorry—I—oh, you *must* understand it just happened—that's all—and I feel like hell about it because you got me the job and I haven't had anything to eat and I've got to go out and get a job."

The angry firmness stayed in the lines of Wynne's lips, but her eyes softened. She couldn't control her eyes. "Come on upstairs," she said. "I'll cook up some rat biscuit for you."

HE followed her up to the tiny apartment, and felt, as he entered it, as though he'd been away for a year. He sank on to the sofa with a great weariness and watched Wynne jerk open the door to the cupboard kitchenette. He thought in that moment that, for all her rage at him, she was the loveliest thing he'd ever seen. He said so. Coffeepot in hand, she turned to him.

"Is that what you told Cat's-eye last night?"

"I've never told any one that," said Jack.

Wynne put the coffee on the fire and smiled to herself, because she believed he was telling the truth. Then she glared, sore at herself for being so pleased at getting a compliment from such a worm. At any rate, she didn't have to let him know she was glad he'd said that.

"Just where did you go after you left here last night?"

This took Jack entirely by surprise. "Was I here?"

This seemed a little thick to Wynne. She was one of the many millions of women who take little or no stock in their men's convenient memory lapses.

"You were here, and you know damn well you were, and you know damn well I threw a cream bottle at you, tootsie-boy. Where did you go after that?"

Jack gulped. The realization of how completely his mental machinery had slipped opened up awful possibilities. He answered without thinking, and would cheerfully have yanked out his tongue by its roots immediately after he'd spoken. He said, "I don't really know, but Tom and I woke up in Gloria Brown's guesthouse."

But the storm he had expected this dumb remark to produce didn't break. Wynne knew perfectly well that if there had been any real funny business going on, Gloria wouldn't have had Hartz around too. She was relieved. To be sure, she didn't have much use for Don José herself, but she certainly didn't want Gloria swiping him. She went on making coffee and toast in a silence Jack didn't dare break.

When she had done and brought him the food, she sat down in a chair opposite him.

"AND now," she said, "I suppose you expect me to hustle out and get you another job."

Jack put on his determined look and met her eyes.

"Wynne," he said, "you mustn't ever think I don't appreciate what you've done for me, but I realized today—just a few minutes ago—for the first time, I guess, what a mess I am. I'm through leaning on people. I'm going out and stand on my own two legs and fight!"

He thought this was a pretty swell speech; but Wynne took the fine edge off it by saying, "Fight who? Joe Louis?"

"The world!" said Jack. He saw Wynne was going to laugh at him, so he quickly added, "Give me the morning paper. I want to look at the Opportunities."

Wynne found the paper, sat herself down in her chair, and opened it at the classified section. There were columns and columns of positions open. She stared at them for a moment or so, then looked at Jack.

"By the way," she said, "I don't think I've ever asked you. Do you know how to do *anything?*"

Jack leaned forward, impulsively angry at her tone of voice. "Do I know how to do—" He stopped because he realized that he didn't know how to do anything—at least, not anything anybody'd be likely to want to pay him to do. The impulsive anger vanished. He relaxed.

"I'm willing to learn how to do almost anything," he said. "I'm willing to work, which is something."

Wynne sighed. "Yes," she said; "it's something, but not enough."

She was thinking of how very willing she'd been to work since she'd come to Hollywood and of how exceedingly few chances she'd had to indulge that willingness. She was thinking, too, that it is infinitely easier for a pretty blonde to get work than for a

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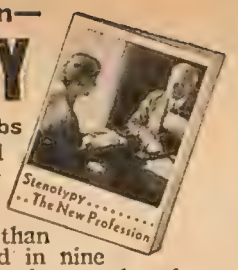

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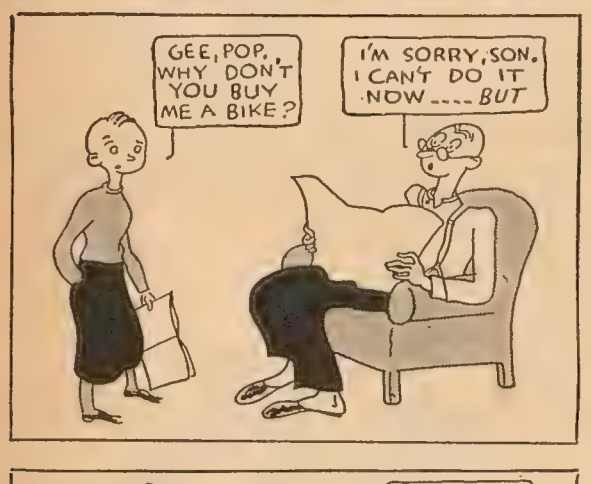
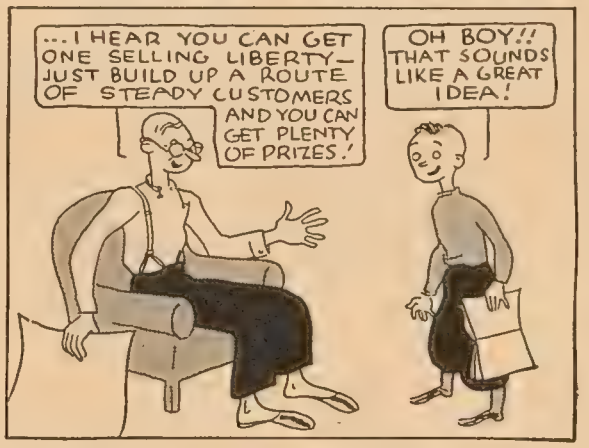
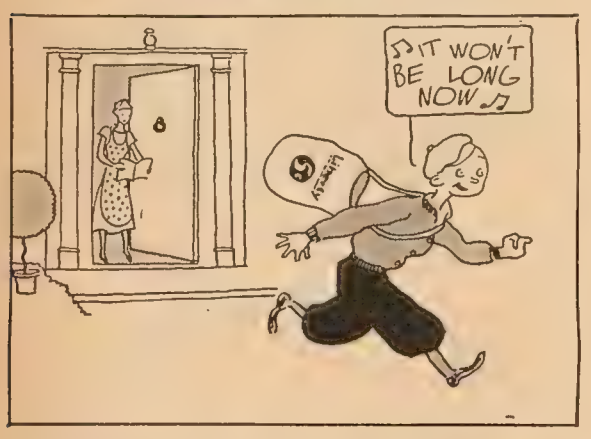
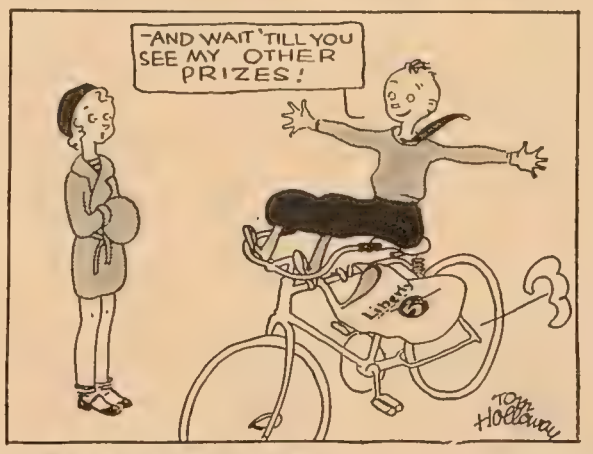



...I HEAR YOU CAN GET ONE SELLING LIBERTY— JUST BUILD UP A ROUTE OF STEADY CUSTOMERS AND YOU CAN GET PLENTY OF PRIZES.'
OH BOY!! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT IDEA!





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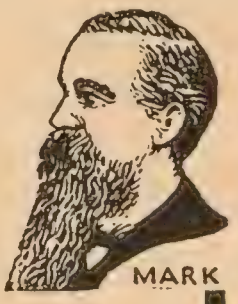

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This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

man who looks like a comic-opera desperado. She was beginning to get over her rage at Jack and to be desperately sorry for him—

She sighed again, aloud, and resumed her perusal of the paper. Jack rested his chin on his hand in a Rodin attitude and thought about jobs. Presently Wynne yawned.

"Do you know how to fit steam?" she asked. "There's one here at fifty per for somebody who does. Myself, I could never see much sense to it. I always say, if the damn thing doesn't fit, get something else."

Jack came out of his dreams and stared at her. He couldn't imagine her trying to be funny at such a time, and thought she was probably falling asleep the way she always did whenever she started reading anything. She yawned again. "Here's another one. You ought to be good at this one." She read aloud: "'Wanted: Attractive male hostess—must be able to recognize all picture stars on sight. Adele's Beauty Shoppe, H'w'd B'l'vd. Apply in person.'"

SHE let the paper slip to her knees, yawned again, and rested her head on the back of the chair. In a moment she was asleep. Jack picked up the paper and stared at the ads. He was wondering just what a male hostess could be. He supposed they must have put it that way because a beauty shop is female. He went on through the rest of the Opportunities. All the others either insisted on applicants being experienced or else would give employment only on a commission basis. He kept coming back to the male-hostess ad, and wondering if a girl like Wynne would have any use for a man who was one.

Quite suddenly he decided she'd probably have a lot more use for a man who was a male hostess with a weekly pay envelope than she would for a man who was absolutely nothing. He tore the advertisement out of the paper, and then, feeling like Richard setting forth to the Crusades, quickly bent over Wynne and kissed her. Wynne woke up. She woke up very gently, the way one likes to think little tired children wake up. While her eyes were still half closed she hauled off and landed a perfect haymaker of a slap on the side of Jack's face.

"Fresh guy!"

She didn't say it as though she were angry. She said it as though she were stating a fact. Jack jumped away from her and went exceedingly red.

"Wynne, you don't understand. I wasn't kissing you—I mean just kissing you. I was saying good-by to you before I went off to the wars."

"It felt like you were kissing me," said Wynne. "What wars?"

Jack had been brought up in the old school which doesn't think it's nice of gentlemen to take advantage of ladies when they're asleep or otherwise unable to resist advances should they be of a mind to. He felt that Wynne thought he'd committed an unpardonable sin, which he knew perfectly well wasn't an unpardonable sin at all be-

cause of the way the kiss had been intended. But he found this point of view hard to put into words. He wondered what an expert woman handler like Tom Hartz would say under the circumstances. He thought he knew. He drew himself up straight and tried to look debonair.

"Listen, sister," he said. "I've been slapped by experts." This didn't sound so good to him, either. He went on: "Besides, why shouldn't I kiss you if I want to? Lots of girls get kissed."

With this he snapped his fingers in a carefree way and put on his hat. Wynne looked at him in amazement. She hadn't minded his kissing her in the least and had really only slapped him as a matter of principle. She didn't believe in letting one's men get out of hand.

"I'll be seeing you!"

With a sort of hopping gait intended to be jaunty he strolled to the door and left. Wynne stared after him, her eyes bright with speculation. Until now she had felt about Jack the way one feels about any pet one is used to having about the house—a feeling of affection and complete superiority; the "Nice Fido, oh, good little Fido" feeling. Now, oddly enough, she didn't feel the way one feels when said pet runs away; she felt as though she were losing a beau.

Hell'n'damnation! She didn't approve of the sensation. She decided she'd have to do something about it when this self-made dashing caballero hove in sight again. With that she dismissed the whole thing from her mind and fell asleep again.

. . . . . .

Adele's Beauty Shoppe on Hollywood Boulevard was definitely one of those places. It looked exactly the way daydreaming damsels all over the world think a beauty shop on Hollywood Boulevard should look. It had cobalt-blue mirrors in it that, through some trick of science, made everybody look perfectly lovely. These mirrors were placed so only departing —beautified—customers would chance to look into them; and slightly distorting mirrors, faintly reminiscent of the funny houses at amusement parks, hung where the unbeautified incoming customers could look at their pusses. Business was swell. It numbered among its customers most of the glittering ones.

Jack Halcombe didn't have the least trouble getting the job of male hostess. He looked more like one than Adele had dreamed she could find. The fact that she was so pleased with his appearance pleased Jack not at all. The fact that she thought he looked the part for a part he certainly didn't want to act made him feel lousy. It is discouraging to be hailed as a male hostess when you're just setting out to be the man of the family.

The first day was pretty tough. Adele gave him a sort of doctor's gown and had one of her men wave his hair and wax his mustache. After that she told him to go into the front office or entry hall and greet people. This in itself would have been a cinch, except that most all the people who came in to have this and that done to themselves were old friends. He greeted them as such, forgetting in his desire to succeed that he didn't look like anybody's old friend.

It went along well enough, though, until the wife of his former star director, who was a dignified sort of woman, came in, and he kissed her hand and said, "Hi, babe—and were you crocked at my party!"

What happened then? Did good old Jack get thrown out on his good old ear, or stay on and pull still more thumping boners? What did Wynne and Frances do when they heard about his dizzy new job? It's all in Liberty next week!

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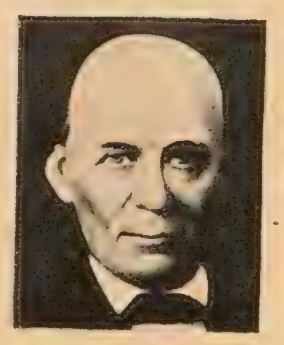
TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—The photo to the right is of a man of whom Hugh Fullerton said, "From 1836 until near the close of the century he exerted the greatest influence, culturally, of any person in American history." The professor did it with six books. Who was he?

2—What island had three kings last year?

3—How did the Trojans store food during the ten-year siege of Troy?

4—What is a prairie oyster?

5—If in 1793 the United States flag had fifteen stars, how many stripes had it?

6—What newspaperman received a salary of $260,000 a year?

7—How did Bolivia gain its name?

8—Where is it taboo for a mother-in-law to speak to the spouse of her daughter or son?

9—Who were Cupid's parents?

10—How many 1-family houses were built in the Borough of Manhattan, New York, last year?

11—In the Bible, what woman had a very great store of spices?

12—Are there living fish in the Sahara Desert?

13—Which line precedes, "The shamrock is by law forbid to grow on Irish ground!"?

14—On what island have sixty kings been buried?

15—After renominating President Coolidge, whom did the Republican National Convention nominate for Vice-President on the afternoon of June 12, 1924?

16—If New York has sixty-two counties, how many has Texas?

17—Who wrote the novel, Lorna Doone?

18—What is the trachea?

19—Do whales spout water?

20—What cinema star, born in Tasmania, deserted Oriental make-up?

(Answers will be found on page 55)

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Untold Tales of the SECRET SERVICE

by HOWARD R. MARSH

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ONCE a counterfeiter, always a counterfeiter," Secret Service affirms. Last week's Untold Tales were of its victories over two habitual "queer" engravers, past masters both. One was Robert W. Adams, whose phony money used to be passed for him by his numerous women. The other was William Watts, "number one counterfeiter of all time," who began his career as a druggist in Nebraska, and has ended it (for ten years, at any rate) as the brains and skill behind that slippery front man, "Count" Lustig.

PART FIVE—WHEN RUMRUNNERS SEE RED

Ralph Senterfit, whose gang Romberger rushed in the dark.

HE was not a pretty boy. Forehead and chin sloped away from a prominent nose in an exaggerated "slant-head" formation. But, chin or no chin, Ralph Senterfit was no soft touch. For ten years past he was never known to have engaged in any legitimate gainful occupation. Yet he had worked himself from modest beginnings in southern Georgia to a position of some financial opulence on the Florida East Coast.

He was, in short, a bootlegger. The records of the Customs office at Miami showed that he had been arrested on four separate occasions for violating the tariff and prohibition acts. In three instances he had pleaded guilty and paid fines totaling more than $1,000. What did he care for a grand? He was making them by the dozen every time one of his ships came in.

But in the spring of '32, as the prohibition era reeled toward its finish, the fates hadn't been so kind to the big-beaked buccaneer. He had lost several costly cargoes. He was known to be short of funds. It was to recoup his fortunes, therefore, that he had taken off by plane, the day before the Dania Beach murder, for Bimini, in the Bahamas.

At that convenient oasis he had acquired a large quantity of Scotch whisky and loaded it into the American speedboat V15212, and he had returned by plane to the Florida coast to organize the landing party. By nine o'clock the next evening he had assembled his crew of twenty men, some white, some black, at Dania Inlet.

Everything was set when Senterfit noticed a group of four men warming their hands around a fire on the far bank of the inlet. The rumrunners closed in on them, and found them to be fishermen from the near-by village of Hollywood-by-the-Sea. After searching them for weapons, Senterfit, in true pirate fashion, commandeered them into service as part of his landing party.

In due course the prow of the V15212, guided by a flashlight from the shore, grounded on the sands of Dania Beach. Senterfit and others waded into the water. The unloading began. Kegs, cases, bags passed from hand to hand and shoulder to shoulder.

At this point two flares lit up the sky—and a man with a flashlight in one hand and a revolver in the other came running down on them out of the sand dune that lined the beach.

This lone man plunging to his doom was Customs Patrol Inspector Daniel A. Romberger.

In April, 1932—when the Dania Beach tragedy occurred—Dan Romberger was in his late thirties. He was the stocky type, strong and of medium height. He had served in the United States Cavalry before the World War; and when this country went in, he enlisted again, in the air service. In 1929 he received a temporary commission as Customs Patrol inspector and was assigned to headquarters in Miami. His salary was $2,100 a year.

Out of this moderate stipened Romberger supported his wife and one child. At the time of his death he was buying a home in Miami for $2,000. He had only $225 more to pay. After that the Rombergers would live happily ever after.

He was in good spirits the night of April 26, when he started out in his little patrol car with his partner, Inspector Carl Barnd. They were look-alikes, Romberger and Barnd; both stocky solid fellows; Romberger from Pennsylvania, Barnd from Kentucky or Tennessee. Friends, too. "He was a grand guy, afraid of nothing," was the way Carl Barnd spoke of his partner.

It was not yet ten o'clock when this little patrol car plowed across the low sand dune between Miami and Fort Lauderdale and stopped in the shadow of a clump of scrub growth on the edge of an isolated pitch-black portion of Dania Beach. Just beyond, as the men well knew, was an inlet which helped to form a made-to-order smugglers' haven.

"I'll take a look down the beach," whispered Romberger, leaping noiselessly from the car. "Might be something doing."

He never came back.

All Barnd knew was this: About twenty minutes after Romberger's departure there were two flares in the sky, the agreed upon signal between the two friends. Barnd ran toward them. A hundred yards, and he col-

Another Thrilling Revelation . . . The Story of a Hero Who Died Fighting in the Dark, and How the Service Avenged Him

lided with a huge figure, stooped over and head down, fleeing through the night. The Customs man grappled with the fugitive, subdued him after a hard struggle, handcuffed him to the steering wheel of his car, and went back again to look for his partner.

It was a vain search. If there had been a landing party on the beach, it had vanished. If there was a boat off the shore, it gave no sign.

Other Customs men, summoned by Barnd, arrived on the scene. All night they hunted for a sign of Romberger. Between darkness and dawn they found his body by the ocean's edge, the head bashed in.

Out in five feet of water, Dan Romberger's flashlight still burned on the ocean bottom!

From Washington, Chief Edson J. Shamhart of Customs, law-enforcement division, and W. J. Harmon, now supervising Customs agent at Tampa, headed posthaste for Dania Beach. They were the "murder experts" of the division, and they soon justified their titles. Within ten hours after their arrival they had forced out the whole story of what had happened that inky-black night.

Romberger had gone about three hundred yards from the parked car where he had left Barnd when he discovered the landing party, twenty strong. Lying on his stomach in the sand below the scrub growth of the dune, he watched their byplay with the fishermen. At last the speedboat arrived. The business of the night began. Unmindful of the odds of twenty or more to one against him, he rushed down the beach in the name of the law.

The engines of the motorboat raced into action. The gears jerked into reverse. The V15212, with Senterfit aboard, backed rapidly from the land.

IN full uniform, lanyard, holster, revolver, and all, Romberger strode into the water, out to meet the boat. As the ocean reached his armpits he caught hold of the gunwale, pulled himself up to the deck.

"Who's there?" demanded smuggler Senterfit.

"It's the law. It's Customs."

"A thousand dollars to go ashore and leave us alone."

"It's Customs," said Romberger simply.

"Two thousand dollars cash!"

"It's Customs. You're under arrest."

Playing his flashlight first on Senterfit and then on the men in the cockpit, the lone boarder attempted to take command.

"Stop those engines," he ordered.

"Keep 'em going!" countermanded Senterfit. "Back this thing out and anchor."

The boat was now reeling and tossing in the churning waves. The decks were slippery-slick. The two men crouched low with feet apart, trying to keep their balance. Like tigers about to spring, they glared at each other. The engines kept on turning.

"You're under arrest," repeated the officer.

Ralph Senterfit was not himself that night. In the old days the loss of a cargo of hooch would have been too bad but not fatal. But now he didn't have the money in the bank for more cargoes or more fines. He had staked everything on the V15212.

So he lost his head and charged Inspector Romberger.

The fight that ensued on that wave-swept deck was witnessed by several persons who testified at subsequent legal proceedings. Many conflicting stories were told. On one point, however, they all agreed: it was terrific.

Romberger had not attempted to use his gun. Chief Shamhart's instructions to his men were to meet roughness with roughness but not to shoot unless they were about to be shot at. No one had shot at Romberger yet.

But as the slippery deck twisted and plunged under him he was not able to keep either himself or his gun on balance. When the big rumrunner lunged toward him, he turned his eyes to see how close to the edge he was standing. In that instant Senterfit grabbed the gun.

"I got the gun away from him," Ralph Senterfit boasted afterward, "and then I beat hell out of him."

Romberger turned his eyes to see how close to the edge he was standing. In that instant Senterfit grabbed the gun.

Romberger's head was crushed by some heavy weapon. It may have been the butt of his own revolver. If so, Senterfit was the actual murderer of Daniel Romberger.

There was another version, however—one which Senterfit, at his subsequent trial, espoused: that hard-boiled Jim Murray, the engineer, had emerged from the cockpit, monkey wrench in hand, and had killed Romberger.

All agreed that there was a fight in the dark; that Romberger, singlehanded, tried to subdue the desperate crew; that both he and Senterfit tumbled into the water; that Murray joined the fight; and that Romberger—no one could dispute this part of it—was dead.

It should not be inferred that the Customs law-enforcement division is concerned only—or even mainly—with violations of the liquor laws. Smuggling of watches or watch movements, for example, is often more difficult to detect and punish than rumrunning.

At ten thirty one fine morning the ferry from Canada to Waddington, New York, discharged a lone foot passenger named Edward Manfredonia. He was placed under arrest. On the next ferry came a Franklin automobile, New York license C-9527, driven by a certain Arthur Madden. He and his car, with Manfredonia, were taken to Ogdensburg for a "thorough examination."

The two men admitted nothing. "You'll never find anything in our car," they took turns boasting.

Apparently they were right. The car showed nothing. For hours the mechanics went over it inch by inch. Then in the toolbox were found two roundheaded screws.

"Looks to me," said Inspector Lewis to Inspector Northrop, "as if they'd bought three screws for a nickel and only used one. Look for the third new screw and you'll find the plant."

The third screw was found holding the metal band to the edge of the running board. Behind that band were two compartments in the board itself, in which were hidden 1,247 Swiss watch movements, valued at more than $20,000, together with twenty packages of parts and all the incriminating invoices and records.

The Customs boys had suspected this smuggling stunt even before it started. Another Patrol inspector, Archie Denner, had followed Madden and Manfredonia in Toronto for days. He had hidden in a room across a nine-foot alley from the office of a certain Customs broker, and there he had seen the watch movements delivered, repacked, and handed to a third party who left in a Buick coupé.

The Buick was followed to a roadhouse, where it pulled up alongside a Franklin sedan. The Franklin was followed to Trenton, Ontario; then to a tourist camp at Gananoque, where it was put in a garage for the night.

DURING that night United States Customs Patrol inspectors and agents were stationed at every crossing to northern New York. Their orders were to hold and search the Franklin car, New York license C-9527, and its occupants, who were accurately described.

Inspectors Lewis and Northrop, assisted by a shiny new roundheaded screw, simply put on at Waddington the last act of a carefully prepared drama.

These Swiss watch movements have long been a temptation to smugglers. Only recently one Theodore Harlamov of Philadelphia arranged to have a plaster-of-Paris statue shipped him from France. He also arranged to have the wooden ends of the shipping box hollowed out from the center and nailed together. The job was perfect. The boards had to be split to reveal the secret compartments. Well, they *were* split by Customs. The plaster statue was worth fifteen dollars; the 182 Swiss watch movements seized were appraised at $3,685.50.

Even more recently, hundreds of cute little gadgets were shipped into this country as toys with a value of perhaps fifteen cents each. They were children's toy roulette wheels. As packed, they certainly looked it. But a Customs man pried open one of them. The mechanical device which was supposed to make the needle spin consisted of a seventeen-jeweled Swiss watch movement. So did all the others.

Before the duty was so drastically reduced on diamonds, they were also a smuggler's delight. Rare lace still is an invitation to smuggling ingenuity. Corpses have been found with their heads resting in the coffin on a pillow of it. Indeed, one corpse was found whose shell was literally stuffed with old and rare lace!

But, as we have seen, not all of Customs' victories are so simple or so peaceful. Nor are all of the resulting captures so financially rewarding.

Here is a list of articles seized at Blaine, Oregon, from the body of the "once owner," a notorious bank bandit named Fraser, who died in bloody combat "after killing Immigration Inspector Charles M. Flach and wounding Customs Inspector L. J. Pike":

4 used brass revolver shells; rate of duty, 45%; duty, none.
2 used lead-steel bullets; rate of duty, 45%; duty, none.
73 loaded 38-cal. revolver shells; rate of duty, 45%; duty, 66c.

NO suggestion of the flash of guns in darkness, the whine of bullets, the thud of hoofs, the cries of pain. No account of the dead officer's hand-to-hand grapple with a cornered bandit who decided to shoot it out. Not a word about how Inspector Pike, a small man already wounded by a bullet which narrowly missed his heart, closed in and fought with all the odds against him until, by the grace of God, he managed to turn the bandit's belching gun toward his own head. Just an inventory; total duty, sixty-six cents!

Deputy Commissioner Gorman of Customs may be said to typify the men under his command. Thirty-six years in government service, twenty-four with Customs, he is a distinguished-looking man with graying hair. His eyes are considerate, thoughtful; he is slow of speech and utterly unassuming. But his eyes light up sometimes with almost religious fervor. That's when he's talking of the Customs Service and its enforcement agents.

Speaking of another case in which a border bandit did his killing and got away, he said:

"We followed that Mexican for two years. Every spare moment we had, we spent keeping track of him. We learned he was going to Nicaragua. We sent one of our men from Cuba after him. By mistake the Nicaraguan authorities arrested our man and allowed the Mexican to flee. Hard luck! But we kept going until that devil was killed in Mexico City. No man is going to shoot one of our agents from his saddle and get away with it!"

And how about the murderers of Dan Romberger? Did they "get away with it"? Well, Senterfit escaped temporarily aboard the V15212; but the man Inspector Barnd caught in the darkness of the sand dune said that Murray had been with him just before his capture. So Chief Shamhart called Customs Patrol in Tallahassee and told them to proceed immediately to Quincy, Florida, Murray's home.

Within four hours they phoned back that Murray had been in Quincy but had left immediately, apparently going north. As his old home was at Valdosta, Georgia, Shamhart ordered the Tallahassee Customs men to proceed there immediately and attempt to locate him.

Four hours later these Customs men reported from Valdosta. They had discovered that Jim Murray's uncle was sheriff at the place, that Jim Murray had been there, and that uncle had advised him to go back to Miami and

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

There is a phrase in this thrilling story of the search for Florida smugglers which goes against the grain of that prince of policemen, Chief Thatcher Colt.

"Keep away from the local officers," were the instructions given the federal men.

Mr. Colt has been disturbed also by the dispatches from New York which indicate that local police in their comments on certain actions by raiding G-men showed no more confidence in federal officers than the federals showed in them.

He remembers a passage in another Liberty story—the one about the Arsenal Gang, I think—in which there was a hint of similar bad feeling and lack of proper co-operation between the local officials of neighboring communities.

Surely something should be done about this—and quickly. The forces of law and order have enough to do fighting criminals without taking time out to fight among themselves.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

"face the music." Immediately Chief Shamhart sent a relief from Jacksonville to cover Valdosta, and ordered the Tallahassee men back to Quincy. Six hours later the men caught Murray in his car. He was heading *not* toward Miami but due west.

He was charged with murder, and eventually he was brought to trial on this charge, also on various counts of tariff and prohibition law violation. Judge Halstead L. Ritter, whose impeachment trial later claimed the attention of the United States Senate, presided. His Honor directed a verdict of not guilty on the murder charge.

Subsequently Murray pleaded guilty on the other counts, and received one year on each. That was in November, 1932. Before Christmas a kindhearted judge restored him to the bosom of his family. All of which was fairly discouraging to Customs law-enforcement division, E. J. Shamhart commanding.

Only one Patrol officer knew Senterfit by sight. That was a young fellow named Pearson, serving under temporary appointment, "a very smart kid and plenty of guts." Pearson's appointment was extended and he was assigned to the Senterfit trail.

Carl Pearson did a swell job. He had a hunch that Senterfit would make tracks for Atlantic City, where a bootlegger named Campbell, who had started Senterfit in the business, was now operating. One of Campbell's vessels was lying off the famous resort waiting to discharge its cargo, so Pearson, accompanied by a local policeman, began cruising the Inlet section to catch Senterfit if he came ashore.

Sure enough, one night he recognized Senterfit in a car driven by one of his men; but they recognized Pearson, too. Their car immediately put on all speed.

"We were right behind," said Pearson, "with the policeman blowing his whistle. The traffic lights were all red, but the car did not stop. I fired three shots in the air to attract the attention of the police, but the car proceeded right through nine red lights, and avoided some accidents by inches. By this time he was far ahead, as we had an old roadster, 1924 model. The policeman was driving it wide open and I was hanging on the running board trying to stop them by firing in the air.

"As we drew near the downtown section, the car turned right, and I told the policeman to turn at the next corner, as I figured they would double back. They were three blocks ahead of us when they turned, and as we approached the next street they came shooting past. We sprang in behind them and I fired two shots into the back of the car. They easily outdistanced us and were gone.

"The next day I located a woman who saw them drive into a vacant lot and tear up some letters and drive away. I got all the pieces of the letters and went back to the police station, and for four hours I puzzled and pieced the letters together."

As a result Customs was able to trace the fleeing rumrunner on a trail that led across the Middle West and ended up in Minnesota dangerously near to the Canadian line.

On the night of September 29, 1933 —one year and five months after the murder off Dania Beach—Ralph Senterfit was arrested in a beer parlor in St. Paul.

You remember what Deputy Commissioner Gorman said: "No man is going to shoot one of our agents from his saddle and get away with it."

THE END

Four-, Three-and-a-Half-, and Three-Star Books Recently Reviewed in Liberty

★★★★ **THE BIBLE** Designed to Be Read as Living Literature. Arranged and Edited by Ernest Sutherland Bates; **JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.** by James Boswell.

★★★½ **FOUNDATIONS OF CIVILIZATION** by Will Durant; **LEVEL CROSSING** by Phyllis Bottome.

★★★ **THE PICKWICK PAPERS** by Charles Dickens; **THE RIDDLE OF WOMAN** by Dr. Joseph Tenenbaum; **LET'S GO TO TEXAS** by Alfred E. Meun; **SWING THAT MUSIC** by Louis Armstrong; **THE NEW HOUSE** by Lettice Cooper; **DEATH IN THE DEEP SOUTH** by Ward Greene.

THIS WEEK'S REVIEWS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★★★★ **THE SHIPBUILDERS** by George Blake. J. B. Lippincott Company.

A Scottish novel that towers above the level contemporary fiction as Mount Everest towers above the plains of Hindustan. It is impossible to exaggerate the significance of this novel.

★★★ **PEARY** by William Herbert Hobbs. The Macmillan Company.

The dramatic story of a man who made eight attempts to reach the pole before he was successful, and in between times was one of the pioneers of aviation. Professor Hobbs was Peary's friend and himself an explorer of note—well qualified to tell this story, which is full of human interest.

The Only cough drop

medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.

VICKS medicated COUGH DROP

Acidity Makes Women Look Older

Kidneys Often to Blame

Women, more than men, are the victims of excess Acid in the system, due to poor Kidney functions, which may undermine health and vitality, dry and coarsen the skin or cause Getting Up Nights, Burning and Itching, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Headaches, Lumbago, Swollen Ankles, Circles Under Eyes, or Rheumatic Pains. Help your Kidneys filter 3 pints of Acids and Wastes from your system each day for just one week with the Doctor's prescription Cystex. $10,000 deposited with Bank of America, Los Angeles, is behind the guarantee that Cystex must fix you up and make you feel and look years younger or money back. See results in 48 hours. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today.

SHE was "notorious" for her sick headaches. Finally a friend said, "Why don't you give NRs a trial?" With Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) she noted a thorough cleansing of poisonous wastes—a complete natural action that she hadn't experienced for ages. Yet so gentle and refreshing. Try NRs yourself. They are so fine for constipation, so useful in warding off colds, so-called "bilious spells" and other conditions caused by faulty elimination. Only 25c for box of 25 at any drugstore.

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of NR and Tums. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewis Co., Desk 94B-20, St. Louis, Mo.

MORE TIME TO ENTER

LIBERTY-PETE SMITH

AMATEUR MOVIE CONTEST

To comply with many requests from amateur movie-camera owners, the closing date of the Liberty-Pete Smith Contest has been extended to April 30. This will give every one ample time to complete and mail an entry, regardless of weather conditions, location, or unforeseen interruptions. Full particulars appeared in Liberty for December 26, January 2, and January 9. Consult them at your library or send three cents in stamps for a reprint of the rules and entry blank, addressing Amateur Movie Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You'll find it helpful to see WANTED—A MASTER, the Pete Smith Specialty from an amateur movie which inspired this contest, at your local theater.

COME ON, NAME DETECTIVES!

$1,500 CASH PRIZE MAN HUNT

CLAIM YOUR CASH REWARD! YOUR CHANCE IS EXCELLENT

ALTHOUGH Liberty's great cash prize man hunt reaches the halfway mark this week, there is still time for you to enter and to win one of the substantial cash awards. Begin by reading the rules. Then find the name of one of the movie stars in Illinois and Ohio. If the star's first name is among the places in Illinois, you will find his or her last name to be the name of a place in Ohio. If, however, the star's first name is the same as a place in Ohio, the last name will be found under Illinois. In no case are both names listed in the same state. When you have discovered the name of this week's movie star—and you can find it with the exercise of a little thought and patience—wait until you have the complete set of ten names before you make up your entry. You will need the first four names in order to bring your entry up to date. If you have not saved the four preceding issues of Liberty, you can obtain reprints of the contest material by sending a request to the address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing.

THE RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.
2. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two groups of place names in the United States or in Canada. Each group will contain either the first or last name of a well known motion-picture player. Only one player will be named each week. You may find the player's first name in the second group of places and the last name in the first group, or vice versa.
3. Save all names until you have a complete set of ten at the close of the contest. Then send them in at the same time, as a unit, together with a note of not more than 100 words on the subject, "The article, story, or feature that I have liked best in Liberty during the ten weeks of this contest, and why."
4. For the entry with the greatest number of correctly discovered names accompanied by the best letter of preference judged on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness, Liberty will award a First Prize of $500. For the next best entry on this basis Liberty will pay a Second Prize of $200. A Third Prize of $100, twenty prizes of $10 each, and one hundred prizes of $5 each will also be paid on this basis. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries to Man-Hunt Director, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, March 31, the closing date of this contest.
7. The judges will be the contest board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Avoid ornamentation. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned nor can Liberty enter into correspondence concerning any entry. Authorities used: Rand McNally Commercial Atlas, 1936, and United States Postal Guide, 1935.

FIND THE COMPLETE NAME OF ONE OF THESE:

Ian Hunter	Warren Hall	Douglas Fairbanks
Constance Bennett	Lili Palmer	William Powell
Isabel Jewell	Frank McHugh	Carole Lombard
Fanny Brice	Helen Hayes	Anna Sten
Percy Marmont	Jean Arthur	Leah Ray

ILLINOIS

Nora, McConnell, Orangeville, Shirland, Rocton, Hunter, Lawrence, Galena, Rock City, Roscoe, Carpor, Harvard, Greenwood, Millburn, Wilson, Loran, Bolton, Freeport, Elida, Marengo, Union, Cary, Half Day, Glencoe, Fulton, Penrose, Ashton, Steward, Elva, Batavia, Wheaton, Brookfield, Fenton, Lyndon, Harmon, Amboy, Shaws, Pawpaw, Lemont, Worth, Chicago, Moline, Manlius, Dover, Cherry, Waltham, Wedron, Lisbon, Steger, Crete, Eliza, Marston, Hamlet, Andover, Cambridge, Bureau, Ottawa, Ritchey, Mannon, Alpha, Milo, Putnam, Leonore, Gardner, Essex, Momence, Bradley, Henderson, Wataga, Stark, Speer, Evans, Long, Cornell, Campus, Irwin, Abingdon, Douglas, Kickapoo, Benson, Woodford, Waldo, Wing, Iroquois, Youngstown, Fairview, Norris, Goodfield, Selma, Sibley, Roberts, Loda, Basco, Colmar, Industry, Allen, LeRoy, Osman, Fisher, Rantoul, Alvin, Sutter, Augusta, Littleton, Leesburg, Havana, Easton, Emden, Bismarck, Lima, Woodville, Camden, Bath, Luther, Clinton, Sellers, Hope, Pilot, Ursa, Clayton, Daisy, Curtis, Rowell, Maroa, Savoy, Bennett, Catlin, Quincy, Burton, Siloam, Ashland, Decatur, Hayes, Longview, Ridge Farm, Baylis, Bates, Curran, Roby, Boody, Galton, Hugo, Horace, Logan, Edgar, Oxville, Arnold, Berry, Walker, Arthur, Arcola, Isabel, Borton, Paris, Time, Alsey, Tovey, Radford, Obed, Coles, Doren, Oliver, Nevins, Cohn, Nebo, Pearl, Nilwood, Palmer, Windsor, Gays, Campbell, Cleone, Dolson, Daum, Reeders, Raymond, Nokomis, Skates, Lombard, Bradbury, Allright, Titus, Cane, Gillespie, Bingham, Ramsey, Percy, Gila, Yale, Bellair, Fidelity, Piasa, Benld, Coffeen, Fillmore, Dexter, Rochelle, Trimble, Nutwood, McClusky, William, Vera, Alvena, Newton, Oblong, Hunt, Stoy, Grafton, Elsah, Godfrey, Worden, Livingston, Reno, Dixon, Robinson, Ethlyn, Golden, Alton, Moro, Gatch, Bible, Grove, Hill, Eberle, Bogota, Marine, Vernon, Lester, Farina, Laclede, Iola, Toliver, Bowyer, Birds, Troy, Highland, Keysport, Alma, Sailor Springs, Olney, Anna, Mason, Lebanon, Breese, Carlyle, Sandoval, Odin, Salem, Flora, Wilcox, Noble, Albers, Posey, Hoffman, Henry, Enterprise, Allendale, Lancaster, Dix, Dupo, Windon, Cravat, Exchange, Geff, Bone Gap, Maud, Mt. Carmel, Volo, Hecker, Caspers, Elkton, Cordes, Random, Marcoe, Opdyke, Grayville, Maeys, Baldwin, Winkle, Meso, Delefield, Ball, Epworth, Carmi, School, Cora, Murphysboro, Herrin, Eldorado, Equality, Horseshoe, Shawneetown, Gale, Boas, Bay City, Unity, Curry, Round Knob, Olif, Cairo, America.

OHIO

Columbia, Powers, Beebe, Maumee, Gypsum, Willoughby, Geneva, Ashtabula, Bryan, Whitehouse, Elmore, Cleveland, Painesville, Chardon, Conneaut, Melburn, Wauseon, Lindsay, Sandusky, Lorain, Avon, Burton, Rome, Lenox, Farmer, Ney, Naomi, Castalia, Amherst, Bedford, Welshfield, Gustavus, Napolian, Brice, Weston, Freemont, Elyria, Parkman, Courtland, Vernon, Hicksville, Defiance, Wayne, Helena, Florence, Copopa, Hiram, Nutwood, Antwerp, Emmett, Malinta, Norwalk, Oberlin, Aurora, Hudson, Warren, Arthur, Deshler, Ted, Frank, Wellington, Bath, Stow, Ravenna, Girard, Paulding, Prentiss, Fostoria, Peru, Medina, Kent, Niles, Youngstown, Payne, Leipsic, Tiffin, Omar, Spencer, Copley, Edinburg, Austintown, Latty, Ottawa, Findlay, Willard, Nova, Semple, Akron, Canfield, Coits, VanWert, Carey, Crawford, Lykens, Friendship, Rittman, Alliance, Salem, Wren, Delphos, Jenera, Lovell, Shelby, Ashland, Damascus, Leetonia, Tokio, Cairo, Ada, Bucyrus, Wooster, Massillion, Canton, Paris, Fly, Lima, Alger, Blanchard, Harpster, Galion, Mansfield, Brewster, Malvern, Celina, Wapakoneta, Hepburn, Agosta, Benton, Strasburg, Mechanicstown, Gutman, Ridgeway, Marion, Archbold, Millersburg, Dover, Tabor, Toronto, Osgood, Bellefontaine, Radnor, Sparta, Bangs, Walhonding, Fiat, Wolf, Dawn, Rosewood, Bellpoint, Sunbury, Utica, Freeport, Adena, Bradley, Greenville, Piqua, Urbana, Powell, Grandville, Dresden, Belmont, Arcanum, Ville, Columbus, Hebron, Zanesville, Freeland, Atlas, Kelsey, Clayton, Fairfield, Springfield, Rupert, Grove City, Thurston, Belle, Dayton, Derby, Ashville, Hooker, Lancaster, Meigs, Dudley, Altitude, Greenbush, Franklin, Roxanna, Circleville, Shawnee, Corning, Honesty, Middletown, Gurneyville, Sabina, Meade, Logan, Todds, Marietta, Darts, Monroe, Wilmington, Austin, Haynes, Nelsonville, Bartlett, Harmer, Hamilton, Greenfield, Chillicothe, Hope, Athens, Cutler, Veto, Briggs, Ross, Pisgan, Cuba, Cox, McArthur, Fisher, Frost, Stewart, Coolville, Miami, Reding, Woodville, Hillsboro, Denver, Richmond, Dundas, Torch, Madeira, Goshen, Martin, Boston, Bainbridge, Higby, Ray, Shade, Flora, Bridgetown, Norwood, Selfast, Princetown, Peck, Sinai, Darwin, Alfred, Cincinnati, Winkle, Waverly, Limerick, Wellston, Dexter, Chester, Williamsburg, Fairfax, Jasper, Piketon, Jackson, Keystone, Piddleport, Bethel, Brown, Macon, Jaybird, Stockdale, Banner, Clay, Tycoon, Maggie, Bigbone, Wallsburg, Crabtree, Oakhill, Kitchen, Rodney, Gallipolis.

From France, a New Charmer: Annabella Arrives

American Filmdom Encounters a Piquant Gallic Personality—While, for Contrast, Death in Varying Guise Invades a Trio of Pictures

by
BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 2 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★ ★ ½ WINGS OF THE MORNING

THE PLAYERS: Annabella, Henry Fonda, Stewart Rome, Irene Vanbrugh, Harry Tate, Helen Haye, Teddy Underdown, Mark Daly, Sam Livesey, Leslie Banks, D. J. Williams, Philip Sydney Frost, aided by John McCormack. Story by Donn Byrne. Adaptation and scenario by Tom Geraghty. Directed by Harold Schuster. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox.

AN odd overlong gypsy story, filmed in Technicolor in England, this brings to America the most interesting and piquant new film personality in a long time. This find calls herself Annabella. She is a pretty and highly promising French girl whose real name is Anne Charpentier and who has appeared in a number of Gallic films, including René Clair's Le Quatorze Juillet (The 14th of July).

The story is a rambling one of a pretty gypsy who marries an English peer and who returns to her tribe upon his sudden death during a hunt. Forty years later the lovely gypsy's granddaughter wanders back to England to encounter romance in the shape of Henry Fonda acting a young Canadian horseman.

The yarn drifts a good deal, but its interest, first and last, is the charming Annabella, who can wear lovely frocks with charm and pose as a boy without being a palpable masquerader. You will like this newcomer. The film, too, presents the colorful pageant of Derby Day, when all England, from costermonger to royalty, migrates to Epsom Downs.

During the progress of the story John McCormack, the tenor, sings Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms, and Killarney. And the famous jockey, Steve Donoghue, plays himself.

VITAL STATISTICS: Walt Wanger, who deals in "slaves" worth thousands of dollars, loaned his personal contractee Henry (Aw, Shucks) Fonda to England for this (a) to broaden Hennery; (b) to familiarize English fanees with Hennery's homespun peterpannish charms; and (c) to make money for himself—he getting an agenting fee for such slave exchange. Fonda responded by meeting blue-eyed, blue-blooded, fair-haired, Socially Registered Yankee Frances Seymour Brokaw on a yotting party on the Thames. La Brokaw had never heard of Henry Fonda, piqued him thereby. She refused to come to see him work. So when picture was finished Fonda pursued her all over Europe by plane until he finally married her veddy fashionably on their return to Manhattan, the twenty-four-dollar island. Fonda's Margaret Sullavan's ex. Sullavan married Leland Hayward. Fonda's from Omaha; got habit of looking at things socially from personal contact with polo-playing Socially Unregistered but veddy goldspoonish Walt Wanger, an uncrowned American duke. Fonda found British studios too serious, so rigged himself as an ancient gypsy harridan, snuck in among Wings extras, and raised so much hysteric heck with lunatic antics, bobbies had to be called to quell the cinematic disturbances. . . . Beauteous Annabella is a French hybriding of Miriam Hopkins and the sophistry of Sylvia Sidney, to which she adds ability to play wind-blown boyish comrades-to-men sort of things. Was born in Paris suburbs thirty years ago, and remembers standing outdoors cursing the Big Bertha shells that expressed hideously overhead on their way to Paris. Got cin start playing important part in a French-made Napoleon; played Jap girl opposite Boyer in French version of La Bataille, same part Merle Oberon later played in English; also created French part in l'Equipage which Miriam Hopkins is now Englishing at RKO, where 'tis called Escadrille. Married three years ago to Jean Murat, one of France's Clark Gables. If Annabella comes to America (now that she's mastered English) she will undoubtedly be called Annabella-Annabeller. Is considered a cinch for Hollywood in sixty days. She's fond of winter sports; lives at Auteuil, so's she can watch the races from her window with a telescope and send her bets over by servant. . . . Liverpool's black-haired prize thespie is Leslie Banks, Oxford-gradded, yet movie-started by Hollywood. Banks commutes between London and Hollywood; eats ham and eggs in London and Yorkshire pudden in Jollywood; has directed, trod the legit board; can play anything from paupers to princes. . . . Stewart Rome's really named Septimus Ryott but changed it to make himself credible. Has been civil engineer, actor, sheep-farmer, dancer, great warrior. An impeccable Englishman he, has never U.S.ed except on screen in many's the British talker. . . . Harry Tate's really Ronald Macdonald Hutchison of Scotland. Has dark hair; was born on July 4, 1876; started as a clark with Henry Tate & Sons, sugar refiners, from whom he borrowed his stage name. For years did a very funny act called Motoring, which played every music hall in the world; wrote the first auto gags really popularizing Ford. Ask pop to tell you the gags. . . . D. J. Williams has Scrooged and does yearly tours of Dickensian Pickwick country. . . . That fine broth of a voice John McCormack, the pride o' Athlone, Ireland, was born June 14, 1884; keeps his voice heavenly and swate with beautiful thoughts, golfing, and a placid home life. He's educated by Marist Brothers and by County Sligo's Summer Hill College, and has a Holy Cross of Worcester degree. He's also a papal count. Started singing in choirs; was voice-trained in Milan Opera. Has sung himself into millions of dollars and hearts, though concert has favored him more than opera, mainly because he never was much of an actor. Got $500,000 for his last screen appearance. . . . This is the first time real Engilsh Epsom Downs Darby, real changing of the guards at Buckingham Palace, real Trafalgar lions, real Irish meadows have been Technicolored. English weather was made to behave by threatening to remove American movie capital from country. In his riding career Steve Donoghue's had a few Epsom Downs—like the horse-race bettors. . . . This is first English production of Bob Kane, imported American producer, and he made it for $500,000—small potatoes for a Technicolor. . . . Donn Byrne was Irish born; once reported for Brooklyn Eagle. Was crazy about hunting, and once, when but an indigent reporter on Eagle, imported pack of thirty Irish hunting dogs and red coats, and lived with same in a small Brooklyn apartment—unable to board them anywhere or find money to buy a hunting club which he hoped to own. Wedded Irish mysticism to American magazine fiction; made a fortune; wrote Messer Marco Polo, a best seller; got killed at top of career when auto overturned in Ireland.

Henry Fonda and Annabella in Wings of the Morning.

★ ★ WE WHO ARE ABOUT TO DIE

THE PLAYERS: Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak, John Beal, Ray Mayer, Gordon Jones, Russell Hopton, J. Carroll Naish, Paul Hurst, Frank Jenks, John Wray, Barnett Parker, Willie Fung, John Carroll, De Witt Jennings, Landers Stevens, John Miller, Howard Hickman, Robert Emmet O'Connor, Frank Thomas. Screen play by John Twist, from the novel by David Lamson. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Produced by RKO Radio Pictures.

HOLLYWOOD has taken the novel of David Lamson, who spent many months in a cell of the condemned at San Quentin, and translated it into a fairly exciting, moderately realistic melodrama.

John Thompson's car is stolen by factory holdup men who shoot their way to their goal, and the innocent young fellow is arrested for the crime. Caught in the fury of mass opinion, Thompson is given short shrift. He is tried, found guilty, condemned to death. Then his sweetheart singlehanded starts out to save him.

John Beal is effective as the victim of misdirected public opinion; Ann Dvorak, the only woman in the cast, is the girl who fights to save him; Preston Foster is a friendly detective who tries to help. The scenes along

Here Are the Winners of Liberty's Limerick Contest

November 14, 21, 28, and December 5, 12, and 19 Issues

Nov. 14-21:

FIRST PRIZE, $100
ELIZABETH CLAIR
Chicago, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE, $50
MARY POWERS
Springfield, Mass.

THIRD PRIZE, $25
MRS. JOSEPH E. WOOD
Trenton, N. J.

45 PRIZES, $5

Clayton S. Bruce, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. H. V. Carlton, College Park, Ga.; Fred W. Carroll, Chicago, Ill.; R. H. Creese, Bigstone City, S. D.; Wm. H. Cruikshank, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Claude R. Dean, Sacramento, Calif.; Ruth Eaton, Sacramento, Calif.; Alice E. Erwin, Atlanta, Ga.; H. T. George, Lynwood, Calif.; Inez H. Goss, Prescott, Ariz.; Mrs. Henry Hale, Cedar Key, Fla.; Mrs. R. L. Humphrey, Grass Valley, Calif.; Mrs. C. O. Johnson, New Britain, Conn.; Mrs. Carrie M. Johnson, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Dorothy Kirby, Houston, Tex.; W. P. Lardner, Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. J. F. Larecy, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mrs. L. S. Lear, Hampton, Va.; Jane Lindsay, Crawford, Neb.; Mrs. O. D. Lindsey, Greensburg, La.; E. MacDonald, New York, N. Y.; C. F. Martin, Forestville, Conn.; Mrs. Rose Mason, Marysville, Ohio; Malcolm McLeod, Pontiac, Mich.; John G. Pankey, Fort Worth, Tex.; Mrs. William R. Pape, Wilmington, N. C.; Mary C. Pearson, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Vivian Pierce, Pasadena, Calif.; D. C. Priestley, Charleston, W. Va.; Lesda Reese, Denver, Colo.; Mrs. A. B. Roan, Pasadena, Calif.; Marvin Sallee, Larned, Kan.; Zora Shearer, Dayton, Ohio; J. E. Sinclair, Franklin, Ill.; Mrs. G. W. Sisson, Waterford, Conn.; Mrs. R. M. Slee, Detroit, Mich.; Mrs. Lutie Stewart, Hinckley, Ill.; Anna L. Stockwell, Alice, Tex.; M. C. Treulieb, Baltimore, Md.; H. E. Truman, San Francisco, Calif.; Miss I. G. Videla, Bronx, N. Y.; Elizabeth Walton, Providence, R. I.; Lavina B. White, Pueblo, Colo.; Loa G. Winegar, Byron Centre, Mich.; Nancy J. Wright, Marysville, Ohio.

Nov. 28:

FIRST PRIZE, $100
P. K. UDELL
South Pasadena, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE, $50
MRS. E. S. FERGUSON
Richmond, Va.

THIRD PRIZE, $25
ARTHUR WELCH
Seattle, Wash.

5 PRIZES, $5

Mrs. W. G. Inman, Kansas City, Mo.; Harold A. Knight, Larchmont, N. Y.; A. R. Ranck, Fort Meade, Fla.; E. M. Stuart, Seattle, Wash.; L. C. Vannah, Portsmouth, Va.

Dec. 5:

FIRST PRIZE, $50
MRS. MARTHA STINSON
Corpus Christi, Tex.

SECOND PRIZE, $25
MRS. JAMES ANDERSON
Providence, R. I.

25 PRIZES, $5

Weltha Mae Albright, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Mrs. A. Arkebauer, San Francisco, Calif.; M. K. Ash, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Dorothy Austin, Lodi, N. Y.; G. L. Batchelder, Orlando, Fla.; Mrs. A. S. Bender, St. Louis, Mo.; Norman Bernat, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Gordon B. Callaway, Eatonton, Ga.; H. P. Cavanaugh, Tacoma, Wash.; Alderson Fry, Nashville, Tenn.; Mrs. J. W. Heist, St. Augustine, Fla.; Mrs. A. M. Jones, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Irma Kibler, Nampa, Ida.; Beatrice Lembke, Merton, Wis.; Thomas G. Lewis, Decatur, Ga.; John J. Little, Dover-Foxcroft, Me.; S. E. Miller, Houston, Tex.; S. B. Mitchell, Columbus, Ohio; Ruth Reagan, Knoxville, Tenn.; Arthur Scharo, Brooklyn, N. Y.; William Sherwood, Otter Rock, Ore.; Mrs. R. W. Simon, Augusta, Ga.; George Trusdell, Newburgh, N. Y.; Juanita Westray, New York, N. Y.; Marie White, Logansport, Ind.

Dec. 12:

FIRST PRIZE, $100
CHARLOTTE ROBERTS
Portland, Ore.

SECOND PRIZE, $50
MARY JAMES LEACH
Louisville, Ky.

THIRD PRIZE, $25
W. N. STURTEVANT
Jamaica, N. Y.

5 PRIZES, $5

Mrs. H. S. Ashenhurst, Chicago, Ill.; George L. Bowles, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. M. E. Ehlert, Pocatello, Ida.; Robert Harvest, West Concord, Mass.; Eleanor A. Reardon, Worcester, Mass.

Dec. 19:

FIRST PRIZE, $100
P. H. VALTYSSON
Langdon, N. D.

SECOND PRIZE, $50
MRS. ROSE NILES
Middletown, Ind.

THIRD PRIZE, $25
MRS. R. G. ALEXANDER
Bonham, Tex.

5 PRIZES, $5

W. H. Cunningham, Chicago, Ill.; Walter S. Daley, Altadena, Calif.; H. A. Hawthorne, Danbury, Conn.; Anthony L. Martin, San Quentin, Calif.; Mrs. John R. Stidman, Elkridge, Md.

Death Row—and most of the story takes place there—have a certain grim effectiveness. The film hits one arresting moment when a Chinese murderer, vividly done by Willie Fung, walks the last mile. But, somehow or other, the film just misses the punch, just falls short of possessing real power. The makers obviously were a little too afraid of producing a repellent power drama.

VITAL STATISTICS: At nine thirty of Memorial Day, 1933, Stanford University Press sales manager and Stanford grad was burning rubbish in his back yard on the campus. At nine forty a real-estater called with a prospective tenant to discuss renting the house during vacation period. They went into house—and found Mrs. Lamson lying across the edge of the bathtub, her skull fractured. A few hours later Lamson was in the county jail near San Jose. Three days later murder charges were preferred against him. By September he was sentenced amid luridity to hang. Early in October, 1933, he went to live on Condemned Row at San Quentin. For thirteen months he remained there in the shadow of the gallows, and while his attorneys appealed he collected material for We Who Are About to Die. In early autumn of 1934 the California Supreme Court unanimously reversed the decision which had convicted Lamson, on grounds convicting evidence was overcircumstantial. On April 3, 1936, after several retrials, he was released at request of prosecution. His book became a best seller. His wife's death remains an unsolved mystery. . . . Gloom of sets, actors in gray jostling elbows in narrow corridors, clanging doors, and script tenseness cast jittery awe over cast, many of whom brooded in corners and chewed fingernails. . . . John Beal keeps debutting by alternating between Hollywood and New York stage. John's pretty cheerful; attracts hits; loves his dear wife Helen Craig dearly; didn't mind being a condemned murderer because he knew script would free him at end. . . . Preston Foster once wanted to be a cop, only he arrived a day late at examination place for new state troopers and so was disbarred from exams. Became special bull in Philadelphia Railroad yards. Later made debut in La Scala Opera, Philly style. Is a cop in this. Has a perfect chassis; loves his yotting; is one of Hollywood's most protean actors, deserving Clark Gabledom. . . . That cullid prisoner is David Williams, shoeshine boy and ex-native of Liberia. When Beal expressed admiration for tigerskin, Williams said he'd write to his kinfolk in Liberia and see what he could do about picking one up for Beal firsthand! . . . Ann Dvorak is only dame in cast. Usually dies in her pictures. Is one of Hollywood's few successes who rose from extras; believes that by being domestic, practicing music, never talking film around fireside, gardening, studying a few languages, reading high-brow stuff, making about $1,500 a week on the side, she and husband Leslie Fenton can be very, very happy together. Separated for first time during their marriage, Ann flew East right after last shot to seek possible part in play alongside Leslie. . . . Russell Hopton is a product of the Bronx; has navied, studied as an Aggie; gave up farming when he wearied of the soil and rising when most actors go to bed, so became a furniture salesman; then got into movies via film-salesman end. . . . Christy Cabanne has a son who swims and is already in training for the 1940 Tokyo Olympics! . . . Much genuine "stir" slang batted around this: "topped" means hung; rope fever is the unrest that sweeps Condemned Row before a necktie party; "blow your top" means to go berserk; "lather up the bulls" is to get the prison guards' goats by jeering, hooting, and banging the cell walls. Some insist "take it easy" originated in prison. . . . Only happy note on set: one ex-convict working on set claimed prison scenes were so realistic he'd grown homesick!

★ ½ THE MIGHTY TREVE

THE PLAYERS: Noah Beery, Jr., Barbara Read, Samuel S. Hinds, Hobart Cavanaugh, Alma Kruger, Julian Rivero. Screen play by Alfred R. Perkins and Marcus Goodrich, from a story by Alfred Payson Terhune. Directed by Lew Collins. Produced by Universal.

THE dog is having his day in Hollywood. Asta stole a personal canine hit in After the Thin Man. And Tuffy, a collie, trots off with the honors of this story of a brave dog who is almost shot as a sheep killer. Dog-lover Alfred Payson Terhune did a sympathetic job with the story.

Who doesn't love a dog yarn? Ever since Beautiful Joe, of the '90s, the dog has been a sentimental creature of fiction. And this is a simple and direct story. Not pretentious, just an appealing little picture. Aside from Tuffy's excellent canine performance, there's Noah Beery, Jr., as the young hero. Hollywood is getting well into its second generation.

VITAL STATISTICS: Treve's played by the mighty canine thespian Tuffy, a four-year-old Australian shepherd raised from a pup by invalid owner Orvedahl to be of service around a South Dakota farm. At one Tuffy showed remarkable signs of being headed for Hollywood, for he could by request go out into the fields and all by his lonesome bring in the Orvedahl sorrel mare or the Orvedahl black horse. Now owner Orvedahl can sit in a room and order Tuffy to bring any one of forty-five different objects, from a hammer to a broom to the paper to the whisky bottle, and, unlike yur pooch and mine, Tuffy'll hunt around till he finds 'em. However, Tuffy's main screen ability is to act like a dog and not a Houdini—but he'll also put out your ciggie matches for you without command just before they burn your fingers. Tuffy's unspoiled; gets one hundred dollars a day; disdains a stand-in or a double; has one brown eye, one blue; was in Trail of Lonesome Pine, Moon's Our Home, Old Hutch, Early to Bed; is very attached to Orvedahl's family; is handled by silent handies. Took a dislike to Sam Hinds; had to be won to respect Hinds at end of picture by excessive smothering kindness and tons of bones. Orvedahl almost lost Tuffy down studio-visiting Mischa Auer's great Dane, when dogs tangled on lot. . . . Noah Beery, Jr.'s known as Pidge. He's now hundreds of pounds of outdoor muscle, cheerfulness, and pep, and can either ride polo ponies or pick them up if necessary. He denies going steady with Maxine Jones, dotter to Buck (Benny) Jones, but is seen everywhere with her. Hopes to be an actor; is a big hero of serials; practices whip-cracking in case he has to turn menace like his famous paw and unc were. Recently toured Mexico feverishly to find real hand-tooled bejoujoued Mex saddle, but every one he came across was made in Boston or Chicago. . . . Sam Hinds has now made more acting than he ever did at stockbroking. Doubled in brass during this, playing smartly dressed banker in Top of the Town, mornings; then aging fifteen years to play walterbrennanish rancher in Treve. . . . Hobart Cavanaugh and Walter Catlett had a vodvil act when they were twenty-eight between them. Hence they've had Christmas dinner together for past thirty years, once meeting in Grand Island, Nebraska, each being on opposite coasts. On Cavanaugh's first Hollywood trip ('32) he appeared in Giant Swing—'tis yet to be released. . . . Alma Kruger

sprained wrist in These Three; broke hand bone in Love Lets of a Star; got flu in this. She thinks New York, from where she hails, with all its pitfalls, pretty safe. . . . That parrot's voice is really one Ruby Ray's of the sound dep't—or am I showing you the seams again? Ruby's all for challenging Rob Taylor now. . . . Megger Lew Collins, checking sheep used at twenty-five cents per diem, fell asleep on job counting them. . . . Producer Val Paul used to be a heavy in silent movies. Becoming a producer seems but a natural course of events. . . . Location was Kernville, California—a mighty healthy country, pardner, cast rising at 5 A. M., when you and I are just turning in.

★ THE ETERNAL MASK

THE PLAYERS: Peter Petersen, Mathias Wieman, Olga Tschechowa, Tom Kraa, Thekla Ahrens, Frank Schafheitlin. Screen play by Leo Lapaire, from Mr. Lapaire's novel of the same title. Directed by Werner Hochbaum. Produced by Progress Films, Bern, Switzerland.

FILMED in Switzerland, told in German with superimposed English titles, this is a strange yarn for the medical-minded—of a doctor who loses part of himself during the strain of a patient's death. His conscious mind becomes subordinated to the subconscious, and he stumbles about in a shadowy void. It is just as if Mutt lost little Jeff, Amos lost Andy, or Hans Katzenjammer lost Fritz.

Most of the film is a picture of the doctor's state of mind, a panorama of the fantasies of a severed brain. You see the harried physician wandering through misty modernistic subterranean expanses, illuminated by an excellent pyrotechnical display.

Mathias Wieman is the tortured doctor. The Dr. Caligari background is the work of Hans Jakoby.

VITAL STATISTICS: There being no Hollywood in Switzerland—nor even a single commercial studio—this was made with Swiss (Bern) capital in the Tobis-Sasha studios of Vienna in pure German. . . . Tobis is the RCA of Europe, incepted by Dutch but now having branches all over Europe. Tobis-Sasha is Viennese branch, now entirely Nazi-owned and headed by Max von Goering, once film editor and brother of Herman von Goering, Hitler's fun-loving playmate. Since German pictures have lost most of their original big names and deal only in propaganda themes, Nazis hope to re-establish Teutonic Hollywoodism, now lost by producing pictures under cover on the side. Hollywood feeling is that this will never be successful, as Nazi Germany will never get any more big names or good ideas, and nobody is allowed to criticize the pictures anyway in the newsprints—a most unhealthy thing for art or movies. Recently Dutch Tobis tried to buy up Vienna Tobis-Sasha, but Nazis refused to relinquish control. . . . Germany, faced with big star shortage, must recruit its future Garbos and Gables from the provinces, a rather tough task. Some partly Jewish actors are allowed to remain in German films because their names are draws in foreign countries and bring in needed foreign currency. Those who remain insist on getting paid in foreign currency, not marks. Thus the distinguishing mark (no pun, folks!) between a good actor and a run-of-the-mill is whether he gets paid in dollars or marks. Big remaining names get from $40,000 to $50,000 per pic. Ordinarios get about 20,000 marks per pic, or about $8,000. . . . Mathias Wieman is a 20,000 per pic marker; is pretty well known around German stage and screen as a juvenile character actor of some ability. He's German. Now making a bit of a hit playing opposite Louise Oelrichs in Knut Hamsun's Victoria. . . . Peter Petersen used to be Franz Herterich, manager of the Brug Theater, which was very katish in royal days. A Viennese, Herterich hated movies. Not long ago, needing the money, he debutted in Willy Forst's Masquerade under a pseudonym (for identity hiding) as the eccentric doctor. Masquerade was later remade in M-G-M English for Luise Rainer's debutter here. Since then Petersen's got to be very much in demand as a character fusser and has learned to love the cinema. . . . Olga Tschechowa is a sort of lower-bracket Greta Garbo around German and French studios. She plays distinguished vamps and heavies.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★ — Camille, Black Legion, Winterset, The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen.

★★★½ — After the Thin Man, Banjo on My Knee, Gold Diggers of 1937, The Plainsman, Born to Dance, Lloyds of London, Love on the Run, Three Men on a Horse, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing.

★★★—One in a Million, That Girl from Paris, Beloved Enemy, Great Guy, Sing Me a Love Song, Champagne Waltz, The Garden of Allah, Pete Smith Shorts, The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 47

1—William Holmes McGuffey (1800-73), creator of the McGuffey Readers.

2—Great Britain, the largest island in Europe (George V, Edward VIII, and George VI).

3—By keeping grains, cereals, and other foodstuffs in great jars of stone beneath the floors of their houses. Recently archaeologists of the University of Cincinnati dug up some of the jars.

4—A pick-me-up for the morning after the night before. The recipe calls for an egg, sherry, vinegar, and condiments.

5—Fifteen.

6—Arthur Brisbane (1864-1936).

7—The republic was named after Simon Bolivar (1783-1830), South American liberator.

8—In Papua.

9—Mercury and Venus, according to Roman mythology.

10—Only one, building records indicate.

11—The Queen of Sheba, 1 Kings 10:10—"And she gave the king . . . of spices very great store . . . there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon."

12—Fish have been found in artesian wells, indicating the presence of an underground river system.

13—"O, Paddy, dear, an' did ye hear the news that's goin' round?"—The Wearin' o' the Green.

14—Iona, one of the Inner Hebrides, west of Scotland. It is said that four kings of Ireland, eight of Norway, and forty-eight of Scotland have been buried on the three-mile-long island.

15—Frank O. Lowden, former Governor of Illinois. (Lowden declined the nomination, and Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes was nominated the night of June 12, 1924.)

16—Two hundred and fifty-four.

17—Richard Doddridge Blackmore (1825-1900).

18—The main air passage of the human body—the windpipe.

19—No; the illusion is caused by condensation of moisture from the marine mammal's breath when exhaling.

20—

Merle Oberon

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Vox Pop

Hear Ye! A Liberty Contest Dog that Talks!

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—I have read with a great deal of interest a letter signed A Liberty Lover (October 3 Vox Pop) asking that another composite dog contest be held. For my part, I heartily concur in this request, for I too was a lucky winner in the contest held twelve years ago.

Warrior Chiseler, my Canadian-born wire-haired fox terrier, is still able to answer the roll call of the 1924 "prized" dogs, and I wouldn't part with him for

a thousand dollars. Why? That's the story!

When Warrie arrived in Asbury Park after his journey from Montreal to Chicago and from the latter city to his new home, he was desperately ill with distemper. The veterinarian said that under no circumstances was he to be allowed out of doors until the spring. *This was August!*

However, the housebreaking habit was easily mastered by the use of crumpled newspapers, and the fact that the pup was taught to give a little bark after same were used. I believe that it was this first lesson in self-expression which accounts for Warrie's almost human intelligence.

For the pup's exercise (and my own amusement as well) I began to teach him the alphabet by throwing a ball and making him name a cardboard letter before throwing again. A was one bark, B, two barks, and so on. Any letter after the tenth was divided by a slight wait. For example, L, being the twelfth letter, is represented by 1-2, and U by 2-1. Sometimes, when excited, he runs the barks too close together; but when I say, "Careful, boy," he spaces them correctly.

Warrie also understands abbreviations such as: one bark means "Yes"; two barks, "No"; three barks, "Certainly"; four barks, "Thank you"; five barks, "Please."

Furthermore, he can answer important questions. After being out I will ask him, "Was any one here while I was away?"

"*Yes.*" "Who?" "*Man.*" (Once it was a bill collector, and I asked Warrie what the man said. Imagine my astonishment when the dog barked: 4-1-13! (Figure it out!)

Personally, I do not feel that I have accomplished anything so unusual, and believe that any genuine dog lover with deep *understanding* and *patience* can do the same with any thoroughbred dog.

Do I hear a big guffaw, Mr. Vox Pop? And do I hear you say, "My, what a fool to imagine that a dog has such human intelligence!"

Since "seeing is believing"—in this case "*hearing*"—why not have your reporter interview the "dog with the human brain"? Espeially since Liberty is its foster parent.—*A Liberty Booster.*

AN ACCURATE "FAN" BOMB

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Major William C. Brooks's story, Hell Over Nicaragua, is interesting. I happened to be in Nicaragua in '27 and again in '28.

Perhaps in the interests of accuracy you would wish to spell all the names correctly. For example, the hotel in Managua was Lupone's (not Lipony's). Also, José Solorzano Diaz spells his name Solórzano, not Salorzano. I am in position to know, as my father-in-law is a Chamorro and my mother-in-law a Solórzano.

Also, in case it slipped the major's mind, Sandino's agent in Tegucigalpa at that time was Froylan Turcios. This too I was in position to know—and so, by the way, was the United States government.—*William C. Godfrey.*

WHAT IS A BORE?

HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK, ARK.—In the Crossword Puzzle of December 26 Liberty "bore" is defined as being part of a gun.

The word "bore" used in connection with a gun describes the shape of the inside of the barrel, and that is the gauge or size, which is no more a part of a gun than 7¼ is a part of one's hat.

Would some gunman comment on this? —*P. B. Keller.*

THOSE G. O. P. BLUNDERS

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Well—it had to happen; I knew that Mr. Macfadden could not hold it much longer or he would burst. (I am alluding to The Ghastly Blunders of the Republican Campaign Managers, January 2 Liberty.) And he was right—100 per cent. Every article that he wrote, every speech that was made by *any* of Mr. Landon's staff, was a factor in Roosevelt's favor. And Mr. Macfadden was right. Not only did Mr. Farley get a lot of good belly laughs at their efforts; many others did also. Many Republicans, like myself, were heartily disgusted with Mr. Landon's and Mr. Hamilton's talk. After all, Mr. Macfadden is a good American and applauds a winner, and I am glad that he had the temerity to tell the bunch what's what.—*Dr. Henri Clayton.*

DOTY, WASH.—Mr. Macfadden's lengthy tirade about the Republican campaign managers' blunders could well have been shortened to the simple statement that the propaganda they put out did not fool the ignorant and disgusted the intelligent.

A pamphlet that particularly disgusted me was one that criticized the way Mr. Roosevelt smoked a cigarette.

Presidential elections will never be won by any party that resorts to such rot.—*Reginald Baker.*

MUST CRIME BEGIN AT 40?

PORT CLINTON, OHIO—Forgotten Youth has constituted our criminal class for the past several years—and rightfully so. They went to school, they graduated from some class or other, with the idea in mind that this wonderful world of ours was ready to receive them—at least afford them an opportunity to earn an honest living. They were disappointed and turned to criminal channels.

Today the picture is changed. Industrialists are refusing to employ men over forty years of age. Youth should under this new setup soon come into its own, and as a consequence those between

forty and fifty are going to become the criminal class. A few may find employment, and the rest, in their desire to live rather than commit suicide, will become the criminals of the future.

This is just a thought—from one past forty who now finds it almost impossible to carry on any longer.—*Victim.*

OL' GAL RIBBER

POMONA, CALIF.—Read Blue Ribbon for Old Wheeze, by Joseph O. Payette (December 5 Vox Pop), about the girl that took up nursing twenty-four hours after she was born. That is not an early age to take up a profession. Eve was created a ribber.—*Edward G. Piper.*

GHOST READERS, MAYBE

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.—I live by myself and employ a Negro cook who can't read or write. When either of us leaves the house we lock all the doors and windows. But still it is necessary for me to take the third copy of Liberty home each week before I get to read it all.

As the fellow said about the bowlegged gal:

"There's something crooked about that." Yep, there's something spooky about your magazine, mister.

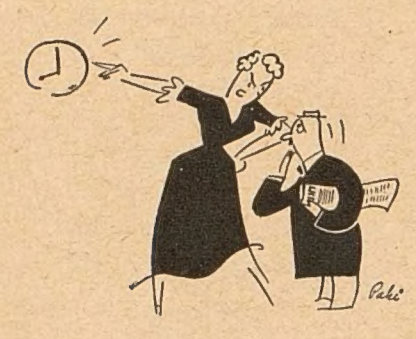
Can you fathom it?—*George F. Carter.*

MARRIAGE KILLS LOVE—OR DOES IT?

ST. CHARLES, MINN.—I would like to say to Disillusioned (January 2 Vox Pop) that I agree with her father. There is no such thing as love and marriage.

Here are a few examples:

Lily, an office girl, married Jimmy from the office. She quit her job to keep



house. She does not like it and has become a nagger. Jimmy's office hours are getting longer and longer. Fighting and nagging in their home.

Next we have Maggie, who married Pat. Maggie has been around a little and Pat is finding it out. He is thinking of doing a little stepping now by himself.

Finally I give you Hollywood. The difference between that place and the rest of the world is that in the movie center they get publicity.

Most married people suffer in silence and put up a show to the world about happiness, etc. It's phony. I'm perfectly content as an—*Old Batch.*

READING, PA.—In answer to Disillusioned I would like to report that I see many couples living together in great peace and harmony after many years of married life. They practice marriage in its real meaning—"They twain shall be one flesh."

On the other hand, I see many couples getting divorces who have been married but a few years.

Very often drunkenness on the part of the husband or thoughtlessness and selfish inconsideration by the wife is the cause.

If Disillusioned expects to have a happy married life, she must be unselfish herself and choose an unselfish man for her husband.—*L. M. Geiger.*

BILLY MITCHELL WOULD HAVE ROARED "AMEN!"

SIOUX CITY, IA.—Improvement in aviation is bringing the United States closer to Europe every day. I see the government is trying out a plane that will carry 100 passengers and fly 3,000 miles without refueling.

A few thousand planes of that kind would make it possible to transport an army of a million men (equipped with machine guns, ammunition, and parachutes) from Europe to the United States in a very few hours.

Our navy and coast defense would be just as worthless as an old woman with a broom—they were meant to fight battleships, not planes.

So the door is wide open for them to come in. And they would not only take the United States but all of North and South America.

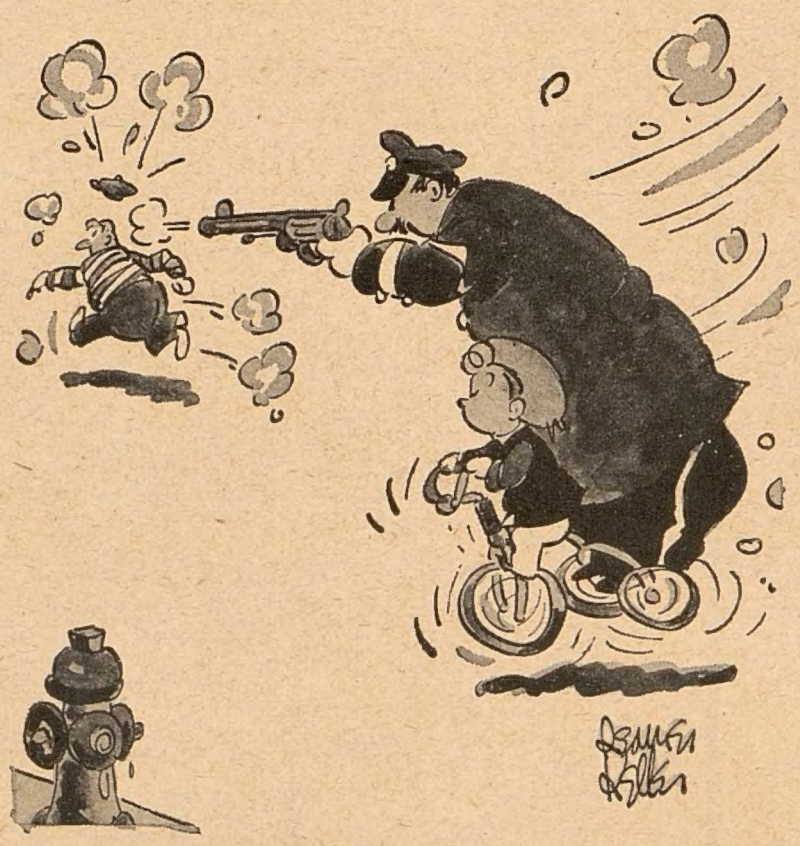
Some may think this is farfetched; but remember, the world moves, and there will be a lot of strange things happen within the next few years.—*Sioux Indian.*

HELP AS AN INVESTMENT

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Bigger Man, What Now? by F. Emerson Andrews (January 2 Liberty) is of vital interest to me, especially the last two paragraphs that say, "Help your friend who is in financial difficulties."

If we cannot help our fellow man to help himself, how can we help other people? It is my contention that in helping the other fellow—that is, our fellow man—we are doing the best thing possible to help ourselves as well as the whole community. Furthermore, we are helping this glorious United States of America, of which there is no better in this world today.—*Handy Andy.*

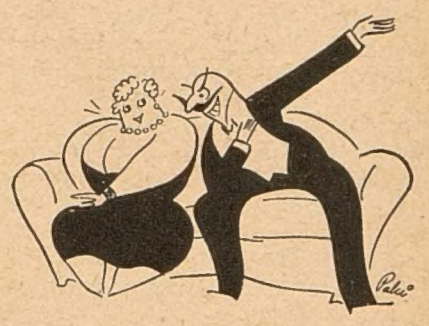
"HARDTACK"



"Remember, if you catch him I get my picture in the paper too!"

BUT SATAN'S SO CUTE

CHICAGO, ILL.—A jinx was put on the world because Adam, instead of using his own brains, listened to poor silly Eve, who had fallen for the supersalesmanship of Satan. That most women have no brains is proved by the statistics



of one of our largest life-insurance companies, according to which 66 per cent of widows spend all their insurance money within three years because they still fall for the supersalesmanship of Satan.—*J. Weiler.*

AN ASSIGNMENT FOR ARCHBISHOPS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Will not some student of abnormal psychology give us an article on The Strange Case of Dr. Mencken, whose article, Peace on Earth—Why We Have Wars, appeared in December 26 Liberty?

His metamorphosis from bad boy to old fogy must be a blow below the belt to what are left of those he once proudly proclaimed "the civilized minority."

The man should be prayed for in every church in Christendom.—*Bill Wiley.*

A REVOLUTION'S WORTH

INTERNATIONAL FALLS, MINN.—The writer recently subscribed for Liberty. If I never get another copy other than the issue of January 2 I will feel that I have got my money's worth!

The article A School for Political Scandal, by T. S. Stribling, was a most lucid analysis of an intolerable situation. Application of the remedy suggested would be the greatest step forward since the Declaration of Independence. But only a revolution would make it possible.—*M. E. Withrow.*

THE HEADACHE CROWLEY FORGOT

AUGUSTA, GA.—I have just read January 2 Liberty, and what a laugh I did have over the story by Sleepy Jim Crowley!

So N. Y. U. was the *one team* that knocked Sleepy Jim and his Rams out of a Christmas trip to the Bowl of Roses. Well, that's funny, because the N. Y. U. game was played one week after that big headache that dear ol' U. of Georgia handed Sleepy Jim and his once famous seven blocks of granite.—*B. F. Pound.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

REGINA, SASK.—Guards at the city jail here were ordered to wear rubber-heeled shoes because prisoners complained they made too much noise, disturbing their sleep.

MONTEREY PARK, CALIF.—A woman's voice on the fire-department telephone cried: "It's a case of asphyxiation and I need help!"

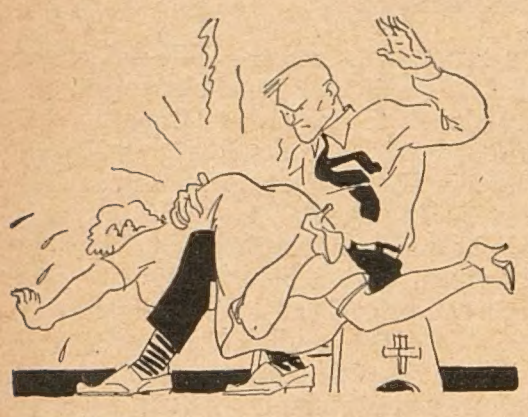
Chief Creed Branham, leading the rescue squad to the home, inquired: "Who's gassed?"

"It's my canary."

"Put that stuff back in the truck, boys," said Branham. "Hand me that bird."

He placed the canary's head in his mouth and with his breath revived it.

SUDBURY, ONT.—Magistrate J. S. McKessock ruled here that any man has a right to spank his wife if she refuses to get his breakfast.



SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Police Chief Owen Kilday paid the five dollars he offered for an original alibi offered by an arrested motorist.

The alibi, given by a banker who admitted speeding sixty-five miles an hour, was:

"I was afraid some one would bump me from behind."

HOW THIS BOLSHEVISM WORKS

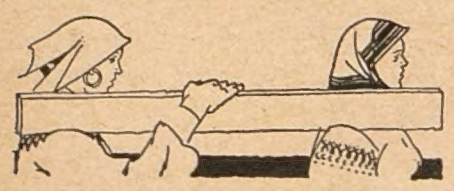
They say—

That women are "emancipated" under the Soviet system.

But—

"Feminine labor in industry has increased from 3,300,000 in 1929 to 7,900,000 in 1936." From International Correspondence, a Communist publication, of April 4, 1936.

"The number of women in heavy industry has increased two and one half times since 1932." From For Industrialization, August 24, 1932. Same source: "Sixty-five per cent of



all unskilled laborers in the heavy industries are women."

Women appear to have been "emancipated" from the home to do two thirds of the labor in heavy industries and three fourths of it on the land.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY MONTE CREWS

WAS THERE A CONSPIRACY AGAINST EDWARD VIII?

Vague rumors, hints, intimations were rife just prior to the King's abdication. Was it only because of his love affair with the charming American divorcee that a certain clique was making outcry? Were there other reasons in the background which prompted the united opposition voiced against the King in certain quarters?

These and other questions have so far gone unanswered.

BUT NOW IT CAN BE TOLD—AND BY AN ENGLISH LORD!

A man who is in a position to reveal the inside facts which led to the eventual abdication of one of Great Britain's most popular rulers.

LORD STRABOLGI, in next week's issue of Liberty, discloses for the first time the true story behind the abdication, points with unerring finger at the reasons for it, and shows unmistakably how King Edward in his final hour rendered Great Britain his greatest service.

HELL-BENT by RICHARD CARROLL

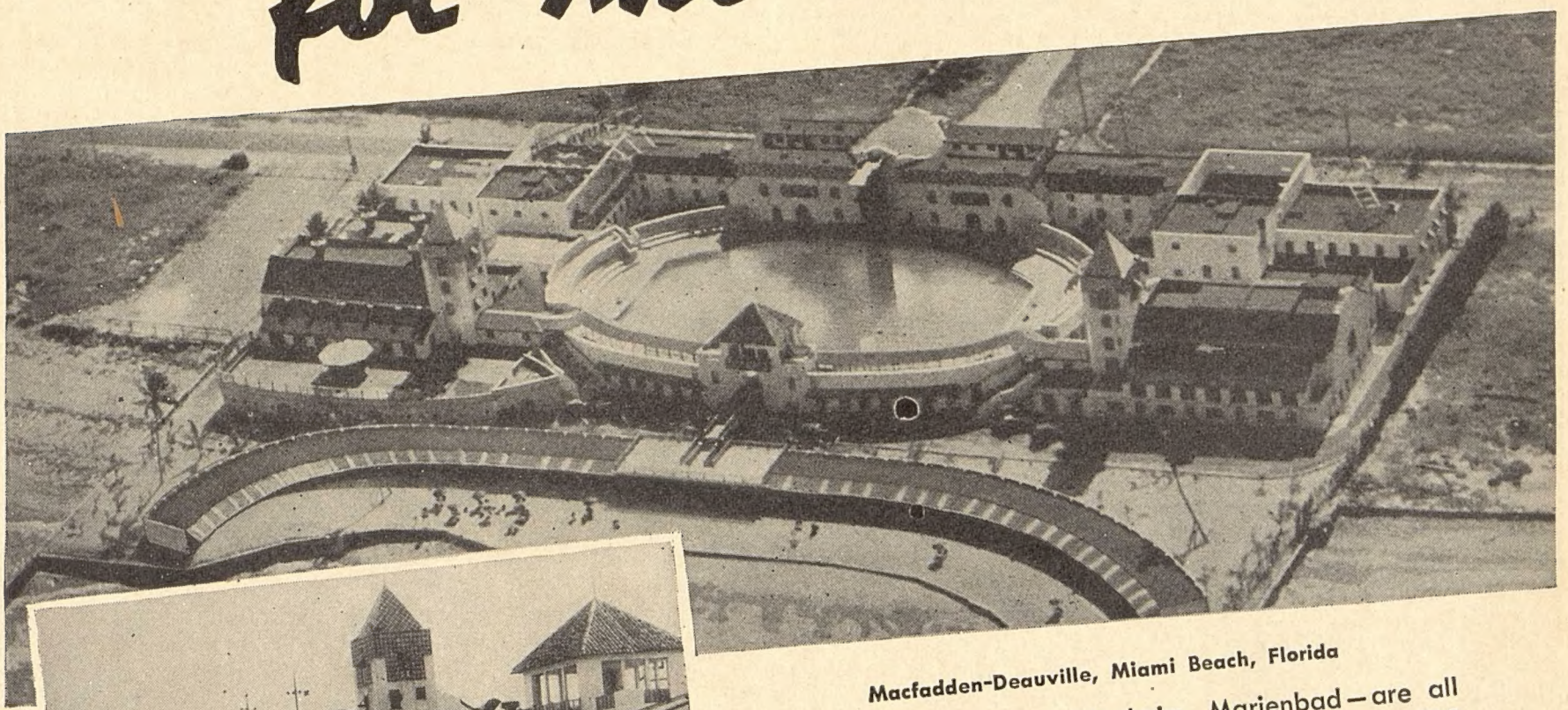
A thrilling new up-to-the-minute serial gets off to a flying start in Liberty next Wednesday. A real "flying start," for it's a nerve-tingling, breath-taking tale of air aces—both men and women—who risk their lives in a daring round-the-rim-of-the-Americas plane race. A story that will grip you to the very end!

Other stories and articles by Harold Joyce, Joe Louis, Inez Haynes Irwin, D. Thomas Curtin, Leopold Stokowski, Eleanor Carroll Chilton, Clara Beranger, and others.

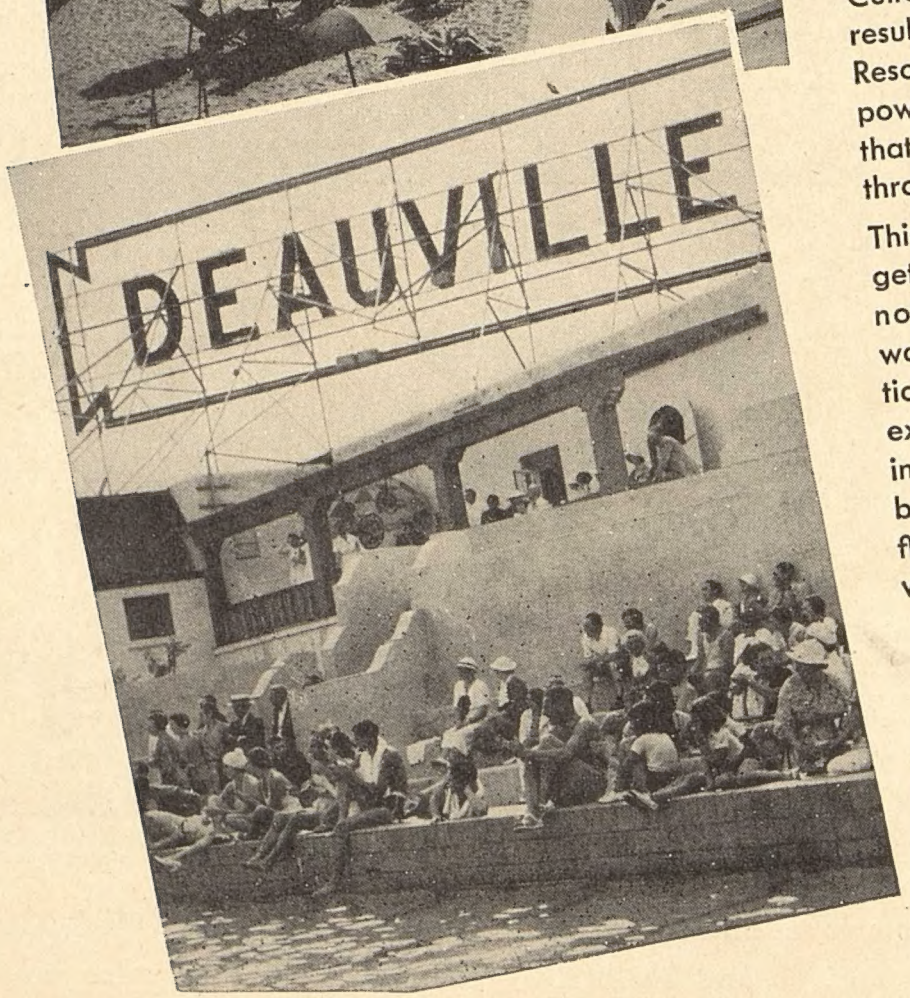
NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE FEB. 10

Get your copy of Liberty on Wednesday

Why Go To German Spas for 'The Cure'?



Macfadden-Deauville, Miami Beach, Florida



Baden-Baden, Karlsbad, Nauheim, Marienbad—are all famous health resorts, but right here in this country 300 miles further south in the tropics than Cairo, Egypt, is an institution that gives you results equally as good as you can get in these German resorts and also the latest scientific discoveries in physiotherapy.

In addition thereto you have the powerful natural health-building procedure used by Bernarr Macfadden Physical Culture system of vital building with such extraordinary results. In the Macfadden-Deauville Health and Pleasure Resort, you are given food that builds dynamic bodily powers. Here we make free use of spinal kinesotherapy that distributes energy to every organ that functions throughout the body.

This is not a sanatorium—it's a place where we make getting well easy and pleasant. Happiness is the dominant note—dancing—inspirational singing—swimming—(salt water in the great circular pool and 500 feet on the Atlantic Ocean as well as Cabana life), and specially adapted exercises—help to give you the thrill of life that was yours in the days of boyhood and girlhood. Bernarr Macfadden believes that life should be mostly a joy fest with overflowing vitality; morbidity and monotony are cast to the winds. Living in the "heights" is then possible.

Write us for details of our system as adapted to your individual needs. Address:

MACFADDEN-Deauville

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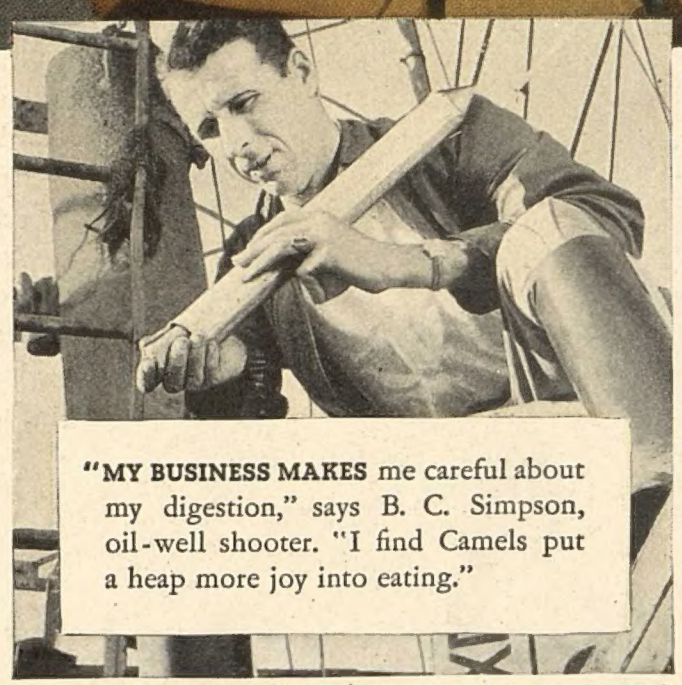
For Digestion's Sake... Smoke Camels

"I'll back that to the limit," says Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, spunky globe-circling girl reporter

AROUND THE WORLD IN 24 DAYS. "It was a breathless dash," said Miss Dorothy Kilgallen, famous girl reporter, back at work (*above*) after finishing her assignment to circle the world by air in record-breaking time. (*Right*) Her exciting arrival at the Newark Airport. "I snatched meals anywhere," she says, "ate all kinds of food. But Camels helped me keep my digestion tuned up. I'll bet on them any time—for mildness, for their delicate flavor, and for their cheery 'lift.' Camels set me right!"

HEALTHY nerves and good digestion enable you to glide over trying incidents and get the full enjoyment out of working, eating, and playing. No wonder that so many who make their mark in the world today are steady Camel smokers!

At mealtimes—enjoy Camels for the aid they give digestion. By speeding up the flow of digestive fluids and increasing alkalinity, Camels contribute to your sense of well-being. Between meals—get a "lift" with a Camel. Camels don't get on the nerves, or irritate the throat. Join the vast army of smokers who say: "Camels set you right!"



"MY BUSINESS MAKES me careful about my digestion," says B. C. Simpson, oil-well shooter. "I find Camels put a heap more joy into eating."

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COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand